

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Traitement Moral, Hygiène et Education des Idiots et des autres Enfants Arriérés, &c.* Par ÉDOUARD SÉGUIN. Paris: 1846.
2. *Remarks, Theoretical and Practical, on the Education of Idiots and Children of Weak Intellect.* By W. R. SCOTT, Ph. D. London: 1847.
3. *Die Heilung und Verhütung des Cretinismus und Ihre Neuesten Fortschritte.* Dr. Med. J. GUGGENBUHL. Bern und St. Gallen: 1853.
4. *Teaching the Idiot.* A Lecture at St. Martin's Hall, London, August 4, 1854, in connection with the Educational Exhibition of the Society of Arts and Manufactures. By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, A.M. London: 1854.
5. *Die gegenwärtige Lage der Cretinen, Blödsinnigen und Idiotten in den Christlichen Ländern.* JULIUS DESSELHOFF. Bonn: 1857.
6. *The Mind Unveiled.* Philadelphia: 1858.
7. *The Causes of Idiocy.* Being the Supplement to a Report by Dr. S. G. Howe and the other Commissioners appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts to inquire into the Condition of the Idiots of the Commonwealth. Edinburgh: 1858.
8. *Two Visits to Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, 1859 and 1861.* By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, A.M. London: 1859 and 1861.
9. *Eighth Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble minded Children.* Philadelphia: 1861.
10. *The Method of Drill, the Gymnastic Exercises, and the Mann-er of Teaching Speaking, used at Essex Hall, Colchester, for Idiots, Simpletons, and Feeble-minded Children.* By E. MARTIN DUNCAN, M.B. (London). London: 1861.
11. *The Idiot and his Helpers.* By W. MILLARD, Essex Hall, Colchester. 1864.
12. *Lunacy and Law, together with Hints on the Treatment of Idiots.* By F. E. D. BYRNE, L.R.C.P. and M.R.C.S. London: 1864.
13. *A Fête Day at Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, June 16, 1864.* By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, A.M. London: 1864.
14. *The Training of Idiotic and Feeble-minded Children.* By CHEYNE BRADY, Esq., M.R.I.H. Dublin: 1864.

IDIOTCY is unquestionably one of the most fearful of the host of maladies, which pass like gloomy shadows over the brightest spots of human civilization. Its intensity has also been much increased by the impression which so long prevailed, that it was almost incapable of any palliative, and certainly of anything in the shape of a remedy. Modern science and an enlarged philanthropy, however, gradually removing this unhappy idea, and are showing that there is no class of unfortunates of our species to whom enlightened treatment may be applied with a more cheering hope of success. In this country, on the continent of Europe, and in America, reports of the results of the efforts we are about to describe are all equally replete with assurances that the increasing physiological and psychological knowledge, which is due to the researches of the strong-minded, is gradually becoming a great and unexpected boon to the feeble. These feeble ones are also shown to be far more numerous, both in the Old and New Worlds, than was generally imagined, and may in truth be numbered by many thousands, making an appalling array in the ranks of miseries. Mr. Byrne, in his Treatise on Lunacy and Law, which is in our list of books, speaking of idiots, says: 'That there are thousands of such is fully borne out by the Report of the Poor Law Board (1862-63), where it appears that on the 1st of January, 1862, there were in 649 unions and parishes 34,271 insane paupers, of whom 18,311 were idiots' (p. 12). Now, though the idiot requires a special treatment, and one totally distinct from the lunatic, being in fact absolutely injured by his contact with the insane, yet the only place provided for him is the county asylum, which of course subjects him to a treatment the opposite of being suitable. From page 20 of the same report, it appears that a new statute has been enacted, called 'An Act to provide for the Education and Maintenance of Pauper Children in certain Schools and Institutions,' 25 & 26 Vict. c. 43.

This Act enables the guardians of a union to contract with the managers of any institution supported wholly or in part by voluntary contributions, for the education of idiotic persons, and to pay for their maintenance and education a sum not exceeding the cost of their relief in the workhouse. At present, however, such institutions are by no means in sufficient number to meet the want of them; but happily many intelligent and influential minds are now becoming acquainted with the subject, and alive to the serious duties it entails.

Nearly up to the present time the miserable idiot has been regarded as one of a Pariah caste, rather to be ignored as much as possible than sought out and succoured. Till the beginning of this century, idiots were regarded either with superstitious awe or abhorrence, and it is even said that Luther would fain have had one put to death as a monster filled with Satanic possession. In 1803 Abercromby, after Fodéré* and Wenzel,† who wrote upon Cretins, turned his thoughts to the improvement of their condition; and in 1819 Dr. Poole communicated an important treatise on the subject to the *Encyclopedia Edinensis*. Light, however, broke in slowly and feebly. We are told by Mr. Scott, that in the year 1839, Dr. Vosin, a French physician, gave in London some *Orthophrenic lectures*, which were apparently for the purpose of drawing attention to an institution he was connected with in France, called the *Etablissement Orthophrenic*, which was specially directed to sufferers from mental weakness. No interest, however, was awakened by these lectures. Mr. Scott goes on to inform us, by a quotation from a German paper, that 'the instruction of idiots has succeeded. The problem theoretically and practically has been solved by M. Sargent in conjunction with Mr. Sachs, first teacher of the establishment (the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Berlin), and this solution has been successfully proved and acknowledged by our eminent physicians Dr. Barry and Dr. Joseph Müller. So fully assured are the Prussian Government of the complete efficacy of the system, that a portion of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Berlin is to be permanently set aside as a hospital for idiots, where the most effective methods of education can be tested and carried out.' In September, 1844, M. Sargent had twelve pupils, and employed a master to assist in their instruction, and two females to take care of them, the whole being most anxiously attended to according to his

own plans. All were imbeciles and some idiots of a very low grade; but in time they became improved. Two of them were deaf mutes, and others were unable to walk or help themselves in any way; but those who could hear had more or less learned to speak, and some to sew, to draw and to write, while several played about cheerfully like other youths, appearing ameliorated both in body and mind. A 'deaf boy who was one of the worst cases washed and dressed himself daily without assistance, walked, and even ran about the house and yard, and was learning to draw,' though his actions were not all exempt from the appearance of his malady. Such is the account of the fruits of M. Sargent's treatment.

The large work of M. Édouard Séguin was published at Paris in the spring of 1846. It had been preceded by several pamphlets by the same author, and an extended notice of them appeared in the pages of Mr. Scott, who dedicated his book, from which we have already quoted, to Lord Ashley, now the Earl of Shaftesbury, the friend and promoter of so many philanthropic projects. M. Séguin's first efforts were directed to ten idiots in the Hospital of Incurables at Paris. Their success received the approbation of the Council General of Hospitals, and the Academy of Sciences commended his writings on the results which subsequently followed his method at the Bicêtre on the idiots there. Under the title of '*Traitement Moral, Hygiène, et Education des Idiots*,' he has comprised the following topics:—The reflections which idiocy had suggested to him—the most remarkable observations on idiocy and imbecility furnished by his practice—the methods of treatment which have been proved to be most efficacious—and the confirmed opinions which have arisen from ten years' active experience.

Previously to the time of the publication of the volume last noticed, but not before its author had commenced his work amongst idiots, the late Dr. Guggenbühl had been engaged in endeavours to ameliorate the dreadful condition of cretins. He had observed that young children affected with cretinism were chiefly found in the valleys, and he conceived that their removal to more elevated places, together with proper treatment, might work a great change in them. Cretinism neglected degenerates into the lowest idiocy, and exhibits the human form in its most repulsive state. Cretins were divided by Dr. Guggenbühl into four classes:—the atrophied, with emaciated bodies and paralysed extremities—rickety, with soft bones and

* *Traité du Gôitre et du Cretinisme*: 1800.

† *Ueber der Kretinismus*: 1802.

bent limbs — hydrocephalic, with chronic water in the head, and cretins diseased from birth, the worst and most intractable. It is said, however, that where there is a goitre from birth, the brain is not so much deteriorated as in other cases. The cretins under the care of Dr Guggenbühl were removed from the low places to a retreat on the Abendberg, a hill 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and situated in one of the most splendid scenes of Switzerland, surrounded by snowy peaks of the Mönch, the Eiger, and the Jungfrau, and looking down on the fine Vale of Interlachen and the ovely Lake of Brienz. From this unique institution, true cretins are said to have returned to their families more or less restored to health in body and mind. That the plan of the Abendberg is the right method for cretins is beyond doubt, and there is a remarkable instance recorded of the complete cure of cretinism in the person of a Dr. Odet, once resident at Montpellier, who was in childhood a cretin, but recovered, passed through a professional education, and became the author of a book on Cretinism. A pupil of Dr. Guggenbühl was sufficiently cured to become a schoolmaster, and was capable of instructing his scholars, more or less, in four languages.

While these and other institutions were being formed in Europe, the philanthropists of the western hemisphere became alive also to their importance and value. It seems as if some providential impulse were given at this moment simultaneously to the friends of humanity, to arouse themselves to the aid of the most repulsive and pitiable of its sufferers. In 1846 the authorities of Massachusetts appointed the well-known Dr. S. G. Howe, so celebrated for his treatment of the blind and deaf mute Laura Bridgman, to inquire into the condition of idiots in the commonwealth, and to discover if anything could be done in their behalf. The reports of Dr. Howe exhibit the greatest zeal, energy, and talent, and he brought all the force of his powerful and original intellect to bear upon this object, with the happiest consequences. Without being prepared to admit the correctness of all his conclusions in his published theories of the causes of idiocy, which are, in our view, of far too speculative a nature, without aducing sufficient facts for his generalizations, we cannot but regard his labours and their fruits with real satisfaction. He assures us that his hopes and expectations have been fulfilled amongst the children trained and instructed. "Several," he says, "who were in a state of hopeless idiocy

have gained useful knowledge: most of them have become cleanly, decent, docile, and industrious; and all of them are happier and better in consequence of the efforts made in their behalf." Some of these were in a state of drivelling impotency, unable to do more than swallow their food: they had no speech, no apparent understanding, and their habits were disgusting. They became gentle, docile, and obedient, governable by the simplest means, able to work, speak, and read, comparatively happy and intelligent, as well as useful, and stood before their friends as rescued ones, through the treatment they received.

Pennsylvania followed this example by founding a kindred institution, which comprised at once a hospital for the unhealthy, a gymnasium for physical culture, a school for such as could be led on to learn, and provision of workshops and land for the exercise of mechanical, horticultural, and agricultural industry, with a view to the self-support of the inmates. At the request of the managers of this asylum, the legislature of New Jersey granted an appropriation for the maintenance, within its walls, of fifteen feeble-minded children. The building was most carefully constructed, and placed on an eligible site, with an unfailing supply of the best spring water, and sheltered from the cold winds by a grove of ten acres, the shade of which was regarded as a great boon in summer. The promoters of this asylum state their conviction that it is necessary for the advantage of the young imbeciles in their training, that they should be collected together in numbers.

"Childhood," they assert, "in all conditions needs society; and those who are of natural mental powers cannot adapt themselves to those of feeble mind. Under the most favorable circumstances, an imbecile child at home has a tendency to solitude or exclusiveness; it cannot play with other children, and they cannot join in its amusements. It is a lonely being. However loving and tender its associations may be, it lacks suitable companionship. It needs to be with those who are like itself. Its instincts lead it to fellowship with its own grade and stamp of mind, and this association produces friction, and friction produces growth. There is an unconscious self-culture resulting from the mere force of association. In this lies one secret of success in institutions for the feeble-minded."

New York was not behind in like projects for the Idiot. The first step was taken by the Hon. Frederick Backus, a member of the Senate, in the winter of 1845 and 1846..

He introduced a bill for the establishment of an asylum for idiots, which passed the Senate by a vote of eleven to ten. Though at first agreed to by the Assembly, it was ultimately rejected by a vote of fifty-eight to forty-seven. Dr. Backus, however, was not daunted by this defeat, but labored with the greatest zeal, communicated with M. Sargent, of Berlin, and embodied translations of his reports in the document he again presented to the legislature, and at length effected his object by the aid of the governor, but not without another previous defeat. When agreed upon, the nature of the institution was accurately defined, especially that it was not to be merely custodial, but "an establishment for the management and education of young idiots; an extension of the blessings of education of an appropriate character to a class of persons of a teachable age — not deaf mutes or blind — whose faculties are not susceptible of development under the customary conditions and facilities of a common education."

While these institutions were being established on the continent of Europe and in America, this country also, whose benevolence knows no limits but the boundaries of human want, became alive to the necessity of special provision for the idiot. The first practical endeavour for this object was that made by Miss White, at Bath, in 1846, when four pupils were placed under the care of a matron, and with such success that the institution has been removed to an airy, elevated situation, and contains about two dozen pupils, the number of which it is still desired to augment. In January, 1847, there appeared in "*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*," a paper giving an account of the education of idiots by M. Séguin at Bicêtre, to which previous reference has been made. In the following month it was succeeded by another, and both are due to the pen of Mr. Gaskell, Medical Superintendent of the Lancashire Lunatic Asylum, and now a Commissioner of Lunacy. A lady residing in London, of the name of Plumbe, had her interest greatly excited by reading these articles, and she called on Dr. Andrew Reed, the philanthropic founder of so many great charities, to represent her views. The idea had, however, been before in his mind; so he simply told his kind-hearted visitor to go out some morning and see how many destitute idiots she could find in the neighbourhood, and she came to him again with a list of twenty-eight: but before he began to develop his plans, he determined to visit the receptacles for the imbecile on the Continent. On his return he secured

the invaluable assistance of Dr. Conolly and others, which resulted in a meeting to institute an asylum, over which Sir George Carroll, then Lord Mayor, presided, the result of which was the hire of Park House, Highgate, with several acres of land surrounding it. Here in six months the change was so great that Dr. Conolly declared he could scarcely believe the pupils to be the same who had been originally received, and whose first gathering together was so shocking a scene that it begat in some present disgust, and in others despair. We extract the following account of it, taken from the Report of 1850:—

'The first gathering of the idiotic family was a spectacle unique in itself, sufficiently discouraging to the most resolved, and not to be forgotten in after-time by any. It was a period of distraction, disorder, and noise of the most unnatural character. Some had defective sight; most had defective or no utterance; most were lame in limb or muscle; and all were of weak and perverted mind. Some had been spoiled, some neglected, and some ill-used. Some were clamorous and rebellious; some were sullen and perverse; and some unconscious and inert. Some were screaming at the top of the voice; some making constant and involuntary noises from nervous irritation; and some, terrified at scorn and ill-treatment, hid themselves in a corner from the face of man, as the face of an enemy. Windows were smashed, wainscoting broken, boundaries defied; and the spirit of mischief and disobedience prevailed. It seemed as though nothing less than the accommodation of a prison would meet the wants of such a family. Some who witnessed the scene retired from it in disgust, and others in despair. How very different the impression is at present many can testify. Here is now order, obedience to authority, classification, improvement, and cheerful occupation. Every hour has its duties; and these duties are steadily fulfilled. Windows are now safe, boundaries are observed without rules, and doors are safe without locks. The desire now is, not to get away, but to stay. They are essentially not only an improving but a *happy family*. And all this is secured without the aid of *correction or coercion*. The principle which rules in the house is *Love — Charity — Divine Charity*.'

The success of the Highgate Asylum having awakened the benevolent interest of the Queen and received Her Majesty's patronage, the establishment was soon visited by her beloved and lamented consort. The building speedily became too small for the numerous applicants, and it was necessary to have a branch till one large national asylum could be erected. For this purpose Essex Hall, Colchester, a commodious and

handsome building, the property of Sir Morton Peto, was obtained upon advantageous terms, and a portion of the pupils were received there. The Prince Consort who paid it a visit expressed his admiration of the aspect of the place. At length, in 1853, his Royal Highness laid the foundation stone of the National Asylum at Earlswood, near Redhill, and such was the interest taken in the work, that about 10,000*l.* were placed before him as offerings on the stone. In 1855, the Asylum was opened by the Prince in person; and the inmates of Essex Hall having been removed thither, the place which had been previously a branch became a separate institution for the eastern counties, and is still in effective operation.

Space will not allow of further history of the progress of establishments of the same kind, except to say that Scotland has not been wanting in the benevolent duty. The work commenced at Aldovan, near Dundee, being promoted by Sir John Ogilvy, and Dr. Brodie began the same operations in Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, and now superintends the New Scotch Asylum at Larbert, near Falkirk, which is intended for the reception of 200 pupils, and was zealously aided both in the capital and at Glasgow. In this effectual manner has the leaven spread over the greater part of the civilized world, and will ultimately become a relief to a class of unfortunates greatly in need of help.

In all the various countries in which the uniformly successful experiment has been tried of ameliorating the state of the idiot, there has been a remarkable uniformity of principle and practice, as if a bright wave of physiological and psychological light had simultaneously cast its radiance on them all. The first effect of it was to enable those who directed their attention to the subject to determine the real characteristics of the true idiot, and to separate him distinctly from the insane. It has been too common to connect them with each other, though the acute mind of Locke perceived the difference, calling idiots 'naturals,' and advising an 'exact observation of their several ways of faltering,' which has been indeed the true key to their release from the organic impediments that have prevented the development of the faculties of the mind. M. Séguin defines a typical idiot as one who knows nothing, can do nothing, and cannot even desire to do anything, which condition must certainly be regarded as the maximum; and as Dr. Howe observes, it would be hardly possible to find

such a being in human shape, little above a sensitive plant, fashioned externally as man, but shorn of all other human attributes. Yet one such recurs to our recollection, who was, in addition to his never manifesting any desire, blind if not deaf.

Dr. Howe divides idiots into three classes, and observes:—

'Idiots of the lowest class are mere organisms, masses of flesh and bone in human shape, in which the brain and nervous system have no command over the system of voluntary muscles; and which consequently are without power of locomotion, without speech, without any manifestation of intellectual or affective faculties. Fools are a higher class of idiots in whom the brain and nervous system are so far developed as to give partial command of the voluntary muscles; who have consequently considerable power of locomotion and animal action; partial development of the affective and intellectual faculties, but only the faintest glimmer of reason, and very imperfect speech. Simpletons are the highest class of idiots in whom the harmony between the nervous and muscular system is nearly perfect; who consequently have normal powers of locomotion and animal action; considerable activity of the perceptive and affective faculties; and reason enough for their simple individual guidance, but not enough for their social relations.'

Generally speaking, these descriptions will be found to meet the various degrees of idiocy. Still there is nothing more difficult to define, nothing of which it is less possible to find a standard. The word *idiot* points to a human being isolated from his fellows, and no better term in the midst of the many used to designate his condition has been found than that of *idiotus*. The words folly, imbecility, fatuity, stupidity, and others employed by various writers, are but different expressions of the same thing. "Amentia, imbecillitas, oblitération des facultés," says M. Séguin, 'sont autant de synonymes, plus ou moins laconiques, plus ou moins verbeux, surajoutés à l'énergique *idiot* des Grecs, qui rest encore aujourd'hui intact, sans équivalent comme sans définition.' Nor can any dimensions of the head, except in the extremest diminutiveness, nor other measurements often relied upon, be regarded as true criteria of idiocy; though it is remarkably curious that in an immense number of cases examined by Dr. Down of Earlswood, as we shall see hereafter, the formation of the mouth was abnormal, and the face had unequal sides. The mental manifestations are not always regulated by the volume of the brain, but by its quality

and condition, and those of the whole nervous system. The body is but the instrument, the mind the unseen musician, and the strings must be in tune, or no harmony can be produced by the most skilful hand. Thus the corporeal state of the idiot being disordered, discord results from the agency of the mind upon it. All that can be said of what the idiot really is terminates in this — that an idiot is one wanting in power, greater or less, to develop and manifest the normal human faculties by reason of organic defects. The general peculiarities of body are all abnormal, including health, temperament, members, as hands, wrists, legs, and feet. The nerves of motion and sensation are without due action. Hence arise irritability or apathy, spasms, epilepsy, and chorea. Hence also the prehension, touch, smell, hearing, feeding, mastication, deglutition, digestion, secretions, circulation, and speech are faulty, the last in many cases absent. Yet the inability to speak, though often apparent, is not always real. A boy who was never heard to utter an articulate sound, and had reached about fourteen years of age, was suddenly heard to chant a psalm in the night with correctness. Of course his teacher made use of this sudden exhibition, and he now speaks constantly. Another pupil, who had always been mute, was nevertheless brought to write legibly on a slate, and some one having rubbed out his writing in his absence, he became much excited, and angrily asked, 'Who rubbed out my slate?' These were the first words he had ever been heard to utter, but afterwards he became induced to speak.

As the bodily condition is abnormal, so is the manifestation of mind in idiots. Attention, perception, will, comparison, judgment, combination, invention, foresight, and reflection are all imperfect in various degrees. Yet nothing further can be safely stated as a generalization, than that as a rule the perceptive powers are defective, the fancy frivolous, and the whole bearing more or less eccentric. Some are vociferous, grinning, and facetious; others mutter, mope, and sulk, and are very vicious. Again, many are mild, affectionate, and tractable, while others are violent, depraved, filthy, and repulsive. What the facetious will say no one can guess under any circumstances. One that was reprovved by the clergyman for laughing in church, said, 'You should have looked at your book, and you would not have seen me.' Another, corrected for stealing, and asked to promise not to repeat the fault, replied,

'I will not do so again, if you will give me everything I want.' The ideas of these poor creatures have no definite regulation. Hence, joy, drollery, anger, sorrow, and loquacious nonsense alternate without reason. The classification of idiots is no easy task, and it is well said by Dr. Howe, that

'The highest of the lower class of idiots can hardly be distinguished from the fool; the least stupid of fools can hardly be distinguished from the simpleton; and the highest among simpletons stand very near the level of hundreds who pass in society for feeble-minded persons, but still for responsible free agents. These latter, indeed, are looked down upon by the crowd, but then the crowd is looked down upon by tall men, and these in their turn are looked down upon by the few intellectual giants of each generation who stand higher by the whole head and shoulders than the rest. This view of the gradation of infelleet should teach us not only humility but humanity; and increase our interest in those who are only more unfortunate than we are, in that their capacity for seeing and understanding the wisdom, power, and love of our common Father, is more limited than ours, in this stage of our being.'

It may be added to what has been already said in the foregoing sketch of idiots, that some idiots actually possess special powers, only abnormal in being above the common standard as relates to music, the art of drawing or modelling, and in powers of memory and arithmetic, and instead of dulness, imperfection, and deprivation, have, in some direction or other, a strange exaltation.

Enough, we conceive, has been said to show how unpromising was the hope that any efforts could be effectual in essentially bettering the condition of idiots to any social, moral, or useful extent. All endeavours, too, had long been retarded by want of physiological knowledge, by parental and common prejudices, by the hopeless exterior of the majority of cases, and even by an idea that amelioration, if possible, would be of no advantage by reason of the non-responsible being thus made responsible.

The way is, however, now clear of such obstacles to progress, and there is ample, indeed universal proof, that the idiot can be greatly improved and often beneficially educated. From what has been before stated, it may be readily supposed that the basis of all attempts to effect this object would be to commence first with endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of the body. The true principle is, that there is mind in

all these wretched members of the human family, and that its manifestations are only hindered by a defective organism. The first care, then, must be to put the *instrument* as far as may be in tune. Upon this has depended the success of all the recent experiments, and like consequences have been found in all places, because everywhere it has been regarded as certain that the vigour and force of manifestations of mind depend, though in what way may be a matter needing fuller inquiry, on the state of health in certain parts of the bodily organization. To attain this requisite condition, the only mode is to endeavour to put the whole system into a healthful power of action, as far as can be done by suitable appliances to raise the depressed physical powers. Hence gymnastic exercises are adopted, varied according to the different stages of advancement, to bring the muscles into due action in the upper extremities, in the trunk, and in the lower limbs; and upon these a great amount of ingenuity has been expended. In every asylum there should be both an open and a covered gymnasium, with soft ground and ample space, and attendants extremely careful that no falls occur. The things to be aimed at are development of instinctive muscular action in the inert, to promote the health of the bodily organs, and a better oxygenation of the blood in the lungs. Torpor must be awakened, and over-excitement allayed; and it must be borne in mind that nearly every sense is wrong, so that one cannot be made compensatory to another, as in the cases of blind pupils and deaf mutes. The vacant eye must gradually be trained to see, the ear to hear, while the voice must be instructed how to utter aright. Thought must be elicited and power to learn. Obedience must be gained by kindness and firmness without severity, and right habits encouraged for daily life. All sorts of inducements must be held out to secure some proper employment, and as the mind improves it must be a great object to raise it to God, to religion, to duty, conscience, hope, and moral sense. The choice of masters and teachers is by no means easy. They must be *born* teachers, devoted to their work, men in whom no weakness is visible, endued with extreme patience, and able to command with calmness, force, and decision. Great medical tact and skill are also needed, and that gentle treatment of invalids which caused a youth at Earlswood to say, 'I love the doctor better than my mother.' It is only such a person who

will observe with practical advantage the needful psychological indications, such as are briefly enumerated by Mr. Sidney in his lecture to the Society of Arts. He says:—

'Idiots are perceived to have certain wants, tastes, appetites, inclinations, desires, repugnances, fears, and preferences, shown in some way or other peculiar to each individual, and indicating that, though fettered, obscured, and disordered by a defective bodily organism, there still exist certain limited sensations, sentiments and perceptions, which, if rectified, will tend also to rectify their manifestations and emancipate them from their circumscribed condition. If an idiot can distinguish his food, he has some perception; if he shows a longing for things which please him, he has some internal and external sensations; if he can choose between two objects offered him, he has some comparison and judgment; if he yields to gentle persuasion and severity of manner, he has some understanding; if he has any tastes, however limited, there is something occupying his mind. In all these the trainer sees capacities for improvement. His principle is, that these unfortunates not only are endowed with the animal instincts and propensities, but with the feeble germs of those better qualities which are superadded to our physical nature, and which never could occur in the best-trained lower animal, even if its perceptive faculties were more acute than theirs.'

It is from such observations that the true method of treating idiots has been derived. Every idiot case is a problem, and such problems have only been well solved in recent institutions, because there all efforts are concentrated on this one object, and all imaginable appliances are provided. As may be concluded from what has been said before, the great point is a good dynamic condition of the body, only to be gained by wholesome air, proper medical attention, exercise, and diet. If the digestion and the secretions are wrong, the nervous system soon becomes disordered, and there is no due response from one organ to the stimulant applied to the other, because the nerves, which are the wires of the vital telegraph, have lost the power of conducting. We often see an idiot with a feeble body, a moral sense obscured or perverted, and an understanding clouded by dark and doleful shadows, yet with a nature that will not be quiet, without balance of any of the functions bodily or mental, and seeming as if it were impossible for him to manifest obedience to any influence or law. An appetite depraved beyond control makes him ready to prey on the filthiest and most disgusting garbage, and to seize with a brutal propensity anything that comes near him.

Every desire is unreasonable, and what he demands, if he can speak, and what he babbles and cries for if he cannot, is always unreasonable and mostly hurtful. But when the skilled physician has furnished the required medicament for due stimulus of his digestive organs, directs his nutriment aright, controls the ravenous craving for food, and after a time effects a change in the brain and nervous forces, an exercise of self-control becomes possible, and in consequence a reconstruction, as it were, of the whole physical and moral being. Certainly the most hopeless generally are idiots afflicted with epilepsy, which are a numerous class, and beyond the reach of any certain cure, yet their malady may be much subdued as regards the frequency of attacks and their violence, by invigorating inducements to cheerfulness, by employments to which the sufferers have shown an inclination, and by such modes of living as experience suggests.

From the description given of the commencement of the Asylum at Highgate, it may be readily conceived how much experience was needed before idiots received as inmates could be rendered at all tractable. Yet such is the result of perpetual practice that it is now speedily accomplished. At Earlswood the reception is so kind, and the aspect of the place so attractive, that Dr. Down, the resident physician, finds little trouble with the pupils when first left there by their friends. Inquiry is carefully made of those who bring them, into their history, traits of character, predilections, repugnances, and habits. The objective facts relative to their bodily condition, and the state of the organs of sense, are, of course, well observed and registered, to which is added due vigilance. The first concern is to eradicate bad habits, and, as soon as may be, to engage the pupils in some occupation bringing them praise and encouragement, instead of the contemptuous rebuffs too many of them have been subject to. These employments are of the simplest kind; as the unravelling cocco-fibre for mats, splitting rods for baskets, and preparing horsehair for mattresses. Besides these gentle inducements to do something, the improvement of the bodily condition before alluded to as most essential, and the eradication of all evil habits, are matters of daily and hourly care. After this comes classification for sleeping, meals, school, drill, and such employment in what may be called a trade or business as the pupils may show to be of their own preference. For cases that are less hopeful, all that can be done is careful supervision and the tender treat-

ment which makes them in a degree comfortable. All this is insured by the care of the physician and the assiduous attention of the matron and the well-chosen staff.

A few years since schools for idiots would have been classed amongst the wildest of projects, but they have not only been successful as regards their primary design, but have afforded reflex lessons useful in all cases of tuition of the young, especially as to the importance of mixing healthful exercise with application to books, and making the act of learning a pleasure instead of a drudgery, with a tendency to over-strain the youthful powers. Idiot schools have those alternations of pleasant exercise with tuition which prevent it from wearying, and make the return to it a pleasure. The possibility of teaching an idiot to read, write, and cast accounts depends much on taking advantage of personal peculiarities, and a perseverance which knows of no limit to its repetitions of the same thing till the conquest is achieved. In some instances letters have been learnt by rendering them vividly luminous, and the strong impression on the brain has succeeded. How much the lamentable state of imbecility depends on the brain may be inferred from two cases of brain fever, in one of which restoration to ordinary powers took place, and in the other the same happened during the height of the disease, but ceased on recovery. It was excitement which caused the mutes before referred to, to speak. Also any observation may be adroitly turned to account. A boy had shown a great love of playing at nine-pins, and when the bowl knocked one down was in an ecstasy of delight. The master at once had the letters of the alphabet carved on the pins, and whenever one fell, the pupils was made to name the letter upon it; and by these means in time he learnt to read well, after first acquiring his letters in this original manner. It would take too much space, and be wearisome to enumerate the school methods in the various institutions, or indeed in any one. All that can be said is, that they are furnished with the most ingenious appliances, and something new is being perpetually added. Many will be found described in the works which form the list at the head of this article. We can only shortly allude to a few of the most remarkable as adopted in our English institutions. For instance, to improve the speech, there is at Earlswood a cabinet full of objects the names of which give all the sounds of our language. Thus, if the sound to be made is that of the letter *t*, the teacher holds up a *top*, and the pupils are required to pronounce the word togeth-

er and with distinctness. He next shows them a *letter*, and then a *pot*, with the requirement that they shall be enunciated with the same plainness. Suppose, again, the sound coming after that of *t* has been duly mastered, is that of *d*, a *dog*, a *ladder*, and something coloured *red* will be resorted to. The eye of an idiot must also be trained. This, Mr. Sidney remarks, 'is a matter of great difficulty. He may see the figure of his teacher in the mass, but it is most probable that he does not perceive any part of his person or its appendages in detail, unless some glittering object, as an eye-glass, a chain, or a seal catch the eye. But he must be taught to notice with perception and distinction particular and minute objects. This is done by laying before him, on a table, a number of geometrical figures cut out of wood; and as the teacher takes up one, the learner is directed to take a similar one. Another lesson is the holding up the fingers one by one, and the pupil must hold up the same finger of the same hand.' Varied and clever use of the black board is productive of great effects. The master may draw on it some animal, and see if the pupil can tell what it is, and distinguish one part from another. Boys who have commenced learning in this way have become great proficient in drawing, and one youth especially, whose drawings have attracted the attention of the most celebrated of modern artists of animal forms, Sir Edwin Landseer. Yet it was six months before he could be taught to distinguish with certainty a dog's head from his tail, a fact which Mr. Sidney says he mentioned to the late Prince Consort, when he inquired if the youth whose drawings he was admiring could have ever been an idiot. Some subjects are taught to a large number collectively. The multiplication tables are sung accompanied by various movements of the arms and legs. Reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, and in the lower cases letters and figures, counting, imitation, speaking, weighing, telling the time, colours, and other simple things are taught to less numbers together. Some lessons are made as amusing as possible, and at the same time practically valuable. One of those at Earlswood always gratifies visitors from its novelty, and is very useful for giving the inmates an idea of the value of articles, and how to buy and sell. It is called the Shop Lesson, and proceeds thus:—In one part of the school-room there are the usual fittings of a general shop, consisting of drawers marked plainly on the outside with the names of their contents. Above these there is a row of canisters. The pupils are seated in the gallery

with a table or counter placed in front, on which are laid scales, weights, money, and measures. A boy is selected as shopkeeper, and placed behind the counter. He begins with asking for custom, which he often does with much humour, and many hands are speedily held up, when one boy is selected to come down and make some purchase. When an article is asked for, the shopman examines the labels on the drawers till he finds it. Then comes the weighing, which is sometimes a puzzle as to the value of the pounds and ounces. Before any weight taken up by the shopman is put into the scale, the class is well questioned upon it. Next comes the placing in the scale the correct quantity of the sugar, rice, or whatever else is asked for, and it is often amusing to observe the shopman beginning with little spoonfuls when the quantity may be large; and sometimes, when the balance is nearly complete, it is a thorough poser whether to complete it by adding to or taking from the mass. The paying and the calculation are quite a scene, the whole class checking the sums at every step. Frequently the combinations of pence and halfpence cause a long stop in the proceedings. Here, however, the purchaser not unfrequently shows great cunning, and puts down a shilling, a florin, or half-crown, and throws the determination of the proper change on the shopman. To witness this lesson is most amusing. In a report of the Commissioners of Lunacy this method of instruction is especially commended.

Another lesson is learning to tell the time by the clock, which forms a good test of power. Out of one hundred and thirty-four pupils attending together, three could tell the time to a minute, twelve to a quarter of an hour, while twenty-two could be certain only of the hours, and the rest were unable to say what o'clock it was at all. Several who can tell the hours will only name them with regard to particular occurrences of the day, as 'time for dinner,' 'time for tea,' or other similar references.

As the pupils advance, of course the teaching advances also, to writing from dictation, to reading in classes, to object lessons, and to introduction into the writing, arithmetic, and drawing schoolrooms. New expedients for instruction at the Earlswood Asylum are continually called into action by Dr. Down, whose ingenious and intelligent mind is always at work to find out something for the welfare of his anxious charge. The pains, too, taken by Mr. Milard at the Colchester Asylum, are unremitting and effective in the same way. Dr.

Down's great desire is to elicit observation and to cultivate all possible habits of order and usefulness. He has had fitted up numerous neat cabinets with specimens of natural productions, and these are used as objects for lessons to be described in simple language, and the class is questioned on them, which tends very much to strengthen the powers of inquiry and observation. Pieces of wood, coloured in different ways, and cut into appropriate shapes, are found useful to be united to form figures and plans likely to be attractive, the putting them together making a good exercise, and the whole becoming objects of use for description of form, colours, shape, and other properties. To these it is probable will soon be added a printing press for the advanced pupils, and there is no doubt of its being of much value to them. Advantage is likewise taken of the fondness of idiots for dumb animals, and aviaries are provided, and these also are made to become instructive. Canaries, gold and silver pheasants, and other birds, as well as rabbits or squirrels, or guinea pigs, are great favourites, and become beneficial aids to the general design.

The same variety is provided for the girls, and there cannot be a more interesting sight than a school of these poor imbeciles under a skilful and zealous governess. Imitation is invaluable, that whatever is done to instruct may be duly copied. They are fond of marching round the room, singing or repeating after their leader. Stories well told are listened to by those who have thrown off their torpor, with extreme delight, and nothing awakens their attention more completely. Everything is done that can make learning enjoyable, and the powers are never overtaxed by dwelling on any one thing too long together. The useful needlework accomplished is surprising, and the most proficient are allowed certain times for making fancy articles, the beauty of which has astonished those who have attended bazaars for the benefit of the charity. When a visitor goes into a workroom, the girls exhibit their sewing most eagerly, and are enchanted by expressions of approbation. All the fittings of the rooms have a tendency to keep the pupils in a state of pleasant feeling, and they are provided with cases of ferns, flowers, pictures, maps, giving the apartments a most cheerful aspect, which tells well upon their occupants. Indeed, there is scarcely any easily procurable attraction which has not been more or less brought into this benevolent service, and never in vain. Even the feeblest seem calm and contented, while those who are

capable of improvement form such a joyous family as it would not be easy to find elsewhere. Persons who have had opportunities of examining classes of the more advanced pupils, have invariably been astonished at their answers, and especially in the historical and simple practical truths of the Scriptures, which they read and are questioned on daily. Nothing is more striking in many idiots than their susceptibility of religious impression and instruction, happily verifying the beatitude uttered by the Saviour in reference to the poor in spirit. Every observer of these bereaved imbeciles attests this, from Calamy, when he wrote his affecting story of 'Poor Joseph,' down to the present moment. Mr. Sidney dwells emphatically on these impressions on the idiot pupils, and gives instances of a discriminating and tender conscientiousness, and of hope and consolation under the pressure of sickness, such as can never fail to be cherished in the memories of those who have witnessed such hallowed brightenings of the feeble mind. The thoughts consequent on these results of pious labours to raise the depressed spirit are happily expressed in the lines prefixed to Mr. Brady's pamphlet:—

'. . . to us is lent —

To us on whom the ends of the world are
come —
New miracles of love, when sages said
That miracles were o'er, like life from the
dead,
Water from rocks, or music from the dumb;
For lo! to thoughtful touch of Christian
care
The idiot's babbling lips breathe forth a
prayer.'

It is most certain that many idiots who were once profane and vulgar have been thus brought into the sunlight of religious purity and decency, taught the fear of God and the necessity of keeping His commandments, with a sense of moral obligation seemingly beyond the scope of their limited capacities, because they have been led to look to Him who alone can bring light out of darkness. The late Joseph John Gurney published the following lines as the authenticated composition of an idiot; and they who have witnessed many an imbecile's manifestations of capability of such thoughts more recently will not be surprised when they are read by them:—

'Could we with ink the ocean fill —
Were the whole earth of parchment made —

Were every single stick a quill —
And every man a scribe by trade : —
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry ;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
If stretched from sky to sky."

The eccentricity of the language is much like what many of the same class would use if the like thoughts were presented to their minds ; but sometimes they break forth with a nobler glow, as in the case of the boy at Essex Hall, who, when walking in the fields before harvest, turned to his attendant and quoted the passage from the Psalms : — 'The fields stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing.' We have, then, in such an asylum, as was observed of the one in Pennsylvania, —

"A home with good nursing for the very young, a school for such as may be qualified to enter upon its humble curriculum, and a course of physical training for those who need it ; while the genius of a cheerful, hopeful morality, and a faith in the spirit and principles of a pure Christianity, are cherished as the only safe foundation for this, and every work, which has for its end the highest good of the race."

It was, in furthering the many schemes for the improvement of idiots, a most important object to enable those capable of reaping the highest advantages to become adepts in some useful branch of industry, and to make their work remunerative, exchanging their solitary and idle habits for social, industrious, and productive occupation. One of the employments in which it has been found that they may be profitably engaged is that of mat-making. Some learn to plait the cocoa-fibre, and others to make the mats. In time they advance beyond the plain mats, and make excellent figured hearthrugs, and hall and door mats. Some are even capable, under direction, of producing good matting for corridors or churches, or even fancy mats, and the work is generally done in a creditable manner.

Those who are thus engaged have mostly selected this department of industry by their own choice, and are exceedingly proud of it ; and if a visitor meets one of them in any other portion of the establishment, he is sure to be eagerly invited to come and look at his progress, or is told by him, 'I can make fancy mats now.' On one occasion, when the boys were taking a walk, a matmaker lagged behind, and, on being asked why he did so, he answered, 'I was thinking of a new pattern for my mat ;' and nothing could more strongly show the

pleasure which useful work affords to the rescued imbecile, often previously miserable by reason of a blank mind and listless body. As in the school so in the workshop, the pupil must never be allowed to become wearied or jaded by too long continuance in the same occupation, and the consequence is that both learning and labour are looked upon as recreations. Out of between seventy and eighty mat-weavers and helpers at Earlswood, it would be rare to see one showing symptoms of the work becoming irksome, but all goes on with the greatest cheerfulness and good-humour. Amongst them at this time is one boy who was, on entering the asylum, helpless, and unable even to feed himself, and yet he is now no common adept at making mats with pretty borders. Such a fact as this is of great value, as it shows clearly what a change may be hoped for under the treatment we have described, in almost any idiot. The eccentric bearing of an idiot will always, as far as may be judged from experience, more or less remain, but, nevertheless, he may become, in all essential characteristics, an elevated, happy, and useful being. As an interesting confirmation of this, it may be mentioned that a boy graciously placed in the asylum by the Queen, succeeded in making mats that were accepted for use in the Palace of his beneficent sovereign. He is now advanced to the office of letter-carrier, taking the letters to and from the post twice or thrice daily ; but he still shows what he has been and the remains of it, by standing erect and making a grand military salute when he meets any person to whom he considers this respect due.

Shoemaking is also one of the favourite trades with the imbecile pupils, but there are not found so many ready to engage in it, or qualified, as for the mat-shops. Nor has any one yet been found able to measure the foot or cut out the boot or shoe ; but when these are done for them by a skillful hand, they learn to sew them admirably. One boy at Earlswood makes a pair of boots a day in workmanlike style, and declares he could make seven pairs in the six days if they would but let him have his tea a little stronger, which is a sample of the funny sayings heard by visitors in every department. Many persons go to the asylum thinking they shall see nothing but wretchedness and misery, and come away astonished at the merriment which pervades almost every room in the building, and every turn of the grounds. Sometimes there is the most facetious politeness, as was shown to a lady of rank who asked one of the shoemakers what

he would charge for making her a pair of slippers, when he replied 'four shillings,' on which another exclaimed, 'I would do it *only for the honour.*'

Sometimes a few of the pupils take to basket-making, but it does not generally prove a favourite trade. Tailoring, however, is readily adopted, and a lively board it is. Mr. Sidney gives a humorous description of their fitting Punch with a new suit preparatory to a grand performance of Punch and Judy; and gentlemen who go into the shop are eagerly asked if they have any loose buttons to sew on. One youth, he also tells us, who was deemed altogether impracticable, now makes good trowsers and waistcoats, and is becoming a clever hand at coats. In this work, as well as in the shoe-making, a cutter-out is required; but the sewing is so good that at one time much journey-work was sent to the asylum at Colchester, and satisfaction was given. At Earlswood, now, every suit worn in the establishment is made in these shops, and gives full employment.

Some reclaimed idiots make excellent carpenters, and several have quitted the asylum who are now earning good wages as journeymen under due supervision, getting as much, near London, as from four to five shillings a day. What a change is this from being drivellers, moping in a lane or street, teased by idle boys, or slobbering in helpless degradation in a seat in some cottage, where the parent's eyes glistens with tears as it looks on such a revolting offspring! Doors, tables, desks, chests of drawers, and all sorts of carpenter and cabinet-work are readily made by the pupils, and they can be produced in sufficient quantity to supply all that is needed for furniture in a large asylum. At Earlswood there are about twenty such carpenters at this time, who show their work with an eagerness that is sometimes dangerous to the feet of those who examine it, lest the heavy articles they hold up should fall upon them, for now and then there are such accidents in the struggle for approbation.

In the same way, all sorts of useful employments are devised for the females, and some of them become so good at household work that they make valuable servants, and diminish the number that it is needful to hire. A great many can be taught needlework so well that all required for a large asylum may be done by them with a certain amount of guidance and help, while a dozen or more may be constantly employed in repairing the clothing and linen. It has been before noticed that some of the fancy work is beauti-

ful; but this is only an indulgence consequent on the previous work being useful, and so allowed as an encouragement, which is found to have a quickening influence.

No idiot asylum should be without a farm and a garden, and if the number of pupils is large they should be of considerable extent. There are between twenty and thirty farmers and gardeners at Earlswood, while at Essex Hall the employment of pupils able to do the work assigned to them in the garden has long been found most attractive and beneficial. In the first-named place the garden consists of about eight acres, and is admirably kept by the young gardeners under superintendence. The vegetables required in the establishment are well and abundantly grown, and in the flower borders, which are in excellent taste, it is almost impossible to find a weed. There is a greenhouse, and also there are some frames for preserving the plants to be bedded out in the summer, and every part of them has been made in the place in a workmanlike manner. Now and then, at both the asylums thus named, prizes have been gained for cucumbers, celery, and other produce, at the neighboring horticultural shows, to the great joy and triumph of their growers. Such an occupation has a most happy influence on the imbeciles employed in it, while it secures abundance of excellent fresh vegetables and summer and winter fruits for their use, a part of their diet of great importance.

To see the poor fellows watching their plants and trees, and in summer parading near the peas and currants, with their clackers to frighten the birds, is a most exhilarating spectacle when contrasted with the uselessness and wretchedness of their previous lives. The great object of ambition, however, is to be a farmer. "I am a farmer now," is the proudest boast of some poor fellow promoted to that post. The attention paid to the live animals of the farm is unfailling; whatever danger of neglect keepers of cows might fear from the boys who tend them, there is none from the idiots. The cows are the special object of their regard, and when a calf comes, or a litter of pigs, they are welcomed and cared for with enthusiasm, and they will run eagerly to the house to tell of the addition to the stock; only perhaps in mistaken terms, as one boy did out of breath—"Sir, sir, the pig has calved." All the hay of a large acreage is easily made by the idiots, only they would fail without guidance in constructing the ricks. Idiot haymakers are a joyous company, and the hay-field is a source of pleas-

ure to those too feeble to do any work in it. Nor is this labour without profit, for the farm produce has been sold at Earlswood for more than 1,000*l.* in one year. Some boys are trusted with milking, and nothing in the way of pleasure would keep them from this duty, to which they go just before the tea is ready. Somebody asked one of them who sat tugging at a cow's dug after all the milk seemed to have been exhausted, "How do you know when to leave off?" "Oh," said he, "when the tea-bell rings." It is a pleasant sight to see them come in from the farm to a meal; how carefully they wash their hands, and clean their shoes, and take off their working clothes to go into the common eating-room neat and with all propriety. It would have been considered as utterly impossible to have achieved such order and decorum with pupils whose previous habits tended to the reverse, but it may be witnessed daily.

Indeed the sight of a large company of well-trained idiots at table is most remarkable, and none are allowed to dine in the principal dining-hall till they have achieved all the acts of feeding and sitting at their meals with due decorum. When they first come into the establishment, unless they belong to the class who mope and are sluggish, they are as greedy and ravenous as wild beasts, seizing and bolting every thing brought near them in the way of food, with a tendency, if not checked, to gorge themselves to excess. In time, however, they are brought to enter the apartment in regular order, the females arranging themselves on one side, and the males on the other. By means of apparatus for the purpose, the room being close to and upon the level with the kitchen, the dinner with the portion of each on a separate plate is served in a very short time. No one begins till all are served, when they sing, under the leadership of their master, a short grace, and then commence. There is no apparent greediness, no unseemly feeding, but they form a cheerful and well-conducted company, much gratified by the notice of visitors. The dinner concludes, as it began, with another grace, and the room is quitted in a quiet and orderly manner. Some of the pay cases at Earlswood have a dining room apart, where the meal is served as nearly as possible in the way they would have it at home, and thus when restored to their friends they are not excluded from the family dinner because of any improprieties. The preparation for dinner in the kitchen is a lively scene at Earlswood, for there are about a dozen of the pupils engaged as

cooks in a subordinate capacity, and they are dressed in white with the usual caps, looking the perfection of cleanliness and neatness. They work with the greatest delight in this employment, and are very fond of it. This occupation does not interfere with the work at any trade, and it is one of those beneficial changes in the daily routine which are found so desirable. One boy has extreme pleasure in washing the plates and dishes, doing it well. So absorbed is he in this undertaking, that it is his principal thought; and when asked which he liked best, his present or former residence, he replied "Oh, this, because there is a better sink here." Amongst the cooks there is one noticed by Mr. Sidney as the strangest specimen of unequal powers that could be found. A real simpleton, utterly without judgment, he has a memory that is prodigious, and a singular tendency to make puns. When spoken to about his kitchen duties, he said, "Though I am a *cook*, I hope I shall never be a *sauce-box*." Being wonderfully versed in history, he was requested to describe the Rye-House Plot, when busy helping to make a pudding, but he excused himself by remarking drolly, "I am so busy with the *meal-tub plot*, just now, that I have no time to tell you about the *Rye-House Plot*." If desired to give an account of almost any prominent event in ancient or modern history, he will repeat whole pages of what he has read, and there is no stopping him. When giving the history of Talleyrand in no complimentary terms, he was interrupted by a high dignitary of the Church, so he said sharply, "he was one of the clergy, any how," and went off to his cookery quite affronted. Besides his work in the kitchen, he is a good shoemaker, but in all other things a palpable imbecile. How impossible is it, in the present state of our knowledge, to account for such a human being, with a memory of incredible power, with a capability of exercising a certain handicraft, and yet without any faculty that could guide him in the commonest paths of daily life! It may seem trifling to enter into the particulars adduced in the few last pages, but on reflection it must be seen we could not otherwise properly describe the characters of those to whom the benefits have accrued from the endeavours made to rescue them from the slough of their condition. The last-mentioned pupil was called by Mr. Sidney "the historical cook," and he is also alluded to by Mr. Brady, who says of him, "He can repeat whole pages of history. We asked him several questions, nearly all

of which he answered with marvellous accuracy. Amongst his replies, he gave us an account of the Peloponnesian War, showing that he was intimately acquainted with its details. He mentioned its duration, date, and cause; the resources of the combatants; the gains and losses on either side; the temporary peace; the renewal of the war after the Spartan success; and the final defeat of the Athenians by Lysander." Another of these cooks delights in mincing the food for those who cannot masticate, and at present do not dine at the principal table. He works with an ingenious apparatus which reduces the food to the condition of potted meat. Not one of these youths when they came to the institution could have been trusted near a fire,—a fact which strongly attests the judgment and skill by which they have been made so docile and useful.

Much depends on classification, and hence arises one great advantage of an asylum on a large scale like that so skilfully managed by Dr. Down, who makes it a point of the greatest care. Even the amusements of the pupils are thus regulated, as it would be obviously absurd to let any one of them belong to a group with powers he did not possess. Hence all the play-rooms and games are arranged to meet the requirements of the inmates of different degrees. Cricket requires considerable bodily activity and a quick eye, yet here are a few who play very neatly, and in Essex they were sometimes invited to carry on the game in the grounds of neighbouring gentlemen, who kindly fêted the players and made them very happy by such an indulgence. Croquet is also a favourite game, but every one must be led to these exercises for pleasure, according to the grade of the class to which each belongs. There are abundance of cheerful methods also of entertaining the pupils both male and female gathered together; as Punch and Judy, the magic lantern, the oxy-calcium microscope, and the band, of which the attendants are the chief musicians, while one of the pupils plays the big drum, and another the triangle, keeping good time, which is the great difficulty. Idiots easily learn tunes, but few however can master notes and time. Many concerts take place at Earlswood in the winter season, and parties are invited to them. They add much to the life of the place, and are extremely prized by the pupils. At Christmas they have a regular performance of a charade or some kindred spectacle, in which the attendants are the actors, accompanied by some forty of their charge. The dialogues are all written by

Dr. Down, and Mrs. Down arranges the scenery and dresses, all of which are executed in the house. One performance last year was attended by more than three hundred inmates, and a good many of the neighboring gentry who came as visitors expressed the greatest wonder and satisfaction at the intense enjoyment and behaviour of the uncommon audience. The best of the pupils profit much by excursions to the seaside or to the Crystal Palace; and indeed by any well-selected change that tends to awaken their faculties, and to excite them in a right direction.

From the statements which have been cursorily made, it will be evident that those who peruse the books in our list will find them to contain no common matter for reflection; but we propose still further to elucidate the subject by allusion to special examples, contrasting their present with their former condition. In no other way can the work be appreciated, nor the transforming efficacy of the appliances made use of comprehended. The promoters of the Philadelphia Institution or Training School considered that much service would accrue to the cause of the idiot by publishing a brief history of twenty-two imbecile children, and the volume came out with the title of "The Mind Unveiled." To make it as attractive as possible it was embellished by photographs of some of the most peculiar examples, and the descriptions of each are written in an agreeable style. One of them is designated "A boy that we are proud of," and in his appearance as seen in the photograph, though the expression of the countenance may seem singular when viewed closely, there is nothing to indicate his condition. Yet he was an idiot of the most depraved class of "a moral idiot," with no fear of the consequences of doing wrong, and very dishonest; with "a good share of secretiveness, so that the most disguised cross-questioning rarely discovered the truth. His honest face covered the most mature dishonesty." A more cunning thief could not be conceived, and on coming to the asylum he soon ran away; and he was, besides, deplorably ignorant and indifferent. He was subject to chorea, could scarcely speak, and was as obstinate as a mule. Judicious treatment soon began to alter his conduct, and it was found that his great delight was to hear some narrative well told; and by taking advantage of this propensity he soon became an attentive listener to beneficial lessons, and he was found to have a susceptible heart, as easily led into right as it had been darkened and misled by wrong. He

gave evidence in time of strong religious feeling, and became so honest that he was trusted with money, while in the schoolroom his progress was surprising. The chorea ceased to affect his gait as before, and instead of thieving he gave a poor woman in poverty and rags a large portion of his Christmas savings, describing himself when asked how he felt after his charity, as "feeling big in here," laying his hand on his heart with great pathos. Interesting as his case is, the account of several of the girls are equally worthy of attention, especially a group called "Our Sewing Girls." But it is desirable to show an alteration in one of the very lowest cases, and we have not room for more. This example goes by the name of "Our Southern Boy." He is photographed exercising the dumb bells with his teacher; he appears to be well formed, but his countenance is of a low type of expression. His condition was so unpromising that he "employed no articulate speech, either by persuasion or imitation, and expressed no natural wants, even by signs." "We considered him," the account says, "one of our lowest cases of idiocy. No dawn of cheering intelligence beamed from those leaden eyes; no smile of pleasure played over those marred features; the semblance of man only was seen — impassive, unobserving, and intellectually dead. He would lounge by the hour basking himself in the warm sun; no question could arouse him, no want compel him to change his favourite place." Every conceivable attempt was for a long time made in vain to stimulate him to some exertion; efforts were directed to make him use his limbs in walking, aided by support, but he resisted violently, making horrible grimaces. Nothing was ever apparently noticed by him till he saw a coloured man, such as he used to see in the South, whence he came; and he seemed to recognize him with pleasure, exclaiming "Oh you!" as if in dim remembrance of his former home. All attempts to make him move frightened him, and when tempted by the odour of dinner, which alone could rouse him, it was amusing to see him crawl down stairs feet foremost. Swings, rocking boats, ladder, wheelbarrows, all seemed to terrify him; and though liking music, when drawn to it he resisted, crying, "Oh! my sakes! I's scared; car' me out." At last he was pushed towards the black board, kicking and screaming, with a bit of chalk in his hand, with which he was made to mark the board, and this pleased him so that he soon took to making random markings. Still there was no other sign of the least indepen-

dent action till he was observed *playing with a straw*, which he discontinued as soon as perceived, being at the time a bit of an impostor. His teacher, however, made this trifle an interesting point in his development; it was one of those first and in the series of voluntary actions which those engaged in the training of idiots so well know how to turn to good account. One day he was suddenly made to take a walk, and became roused by a series of incidents. At length he became imitative, called a puppy "pretty little dog," after pretending to be terrified at it, took an interest in pictures, and seeing one of a fox, said, "Stinky," the Southern name for the animal. In time his indolence was overcome, and he became fond of the exercises he so vehemently resisted; was the first to run when the call was given, "Ladder-boys, form line," and took to dancing after genuine plantation fashion to the music of the violin, as well as to joining occasionally in the school choruses. In other respects also he made gradual advances, the first indication of his case becoming at all practicable being the circumstance of his playing of his own account with a straw, which showed to the skilled observer that there were in him both will and power if they could be elicited.

We have seen that in our asylums encouragement is wisely given to certain amusements, and when they become exercises of ideality they are improving. Such are the charades and pantomimes at Earlswood, and in the Pennsylvania Asylum they have curious original plays. A young child in the normal condition amuses himself greatly by personifying things about him — making one chair his horse, another his carriage, whipping away as if his imaginations were realities. An uneducated idiot never does this, nor till he begins to advance does he ever find a way to amuse himself that at all approaches to the likeness of an ordinary child, any approximation to which is an encouraging sight to those who have the care of him. Every phase approaching the normal is hailed with much pleasure, and mimic play, whether at an imaginary meal, or horses, or any little thing, is a proof of progress. When invention appears, it denotes an approximation towards the imagery of healthful childhood, and there is hope that much may accrue from it. In the volume from which our American cases have been taken we are told that the pupils were so much awakened, as to have originated a drama so peculiar that the like, probably, has never been played, except it may be the "Malade Imaginaire." This farce, for so it

is, they called "The Doctor." One boy falls in a violent epileptic convulsion, well assumed; a girl, called "the good old soul," nurses the patient, shouting for the doctor. In comes the doctor, generally tardy, but now very brisk, and administers his remedies, while the patient indicates returning consciousness by showing the greatest disgust for them. Another pretends a bad fever, and the doctor is hurried off, till at length half-a-dozen victims are prostrated, and the doctor is in the most ludicrous perplexity. The compiler of the narrative, Dr. Kerlin, of Germanstown, describes this "as a most amusing drama;" but the most extraordinary part of it is, that it should be entirely due to the fancy of the imbecile actors.

Whatever may be thought of these specimens of idiots under culture on the other side of the Atlantic, they are all much surpassed by an individual at Earlswood, described by Mr. Sidney, as proving how possible it is for one defective in many powers to have special capabilities beyond the ordinary standard. Some years ago a boy came under the care of the establishment belonging to this asylum, then at Essex Hall. He was of well-proportioned frame, but with a singularly formed head, and wild, sullen, and with scarcely any speech. He was in fact the pupil who was six months learning the difference between a dog's head and his tail. If spoken to he uttered by no means pleasant sounds, and when corrected would run away and hide himself if possible. It is not necessary to give in detail the history of his progress, but his accomplishments at this time are such as to enable him to earn his own living and even more in the establishment, while his smile is most agreeable, and his manners very attractive, indeed refined. Yet even now his speech is scarcely intelligible to those who know him well, and he has not a quality of any kind which could enable him without guidance to manage even small sums of money, or the simplest economy of daily life. Yet he is a carpenter and cabinet-maker, the workman to whose skill is due a great deal of the neat furniture of the house; and he can paint, glaze, and varnish in excellent style. Many of the doors are made and finished by him. He runs with the rapidity of an American Indian, fences so as to compete with a good master, and plays the drum in the band. More than this, he has made a model of a man-of-war which has been several times exhibited in London, and accomplished his first attempt at this achievement merely by seeing a drawing of one on a figured handkerchief.

He was told that the instant it was launched it would fall on its side for want of ballast and due calculation, but would not believe it till he witnessed the disaster, to his own dismay. Another effort was made, and the finish, proportions, and general plan are now perfect. He was furnished with metal guns by the generosity of a member of the board, and to hear him explain his ingenious methods of proceeding, as he stands before his model, is perfectly unlike anything else ever seen or heard; while his meaning must be more than half guessed, from his want of words and expression. He is now making a model of the 'Great Eastern' iron ship, thirteen feet long. He has made all the working drawings, and will accomplish the feat admirably. From morning to night he is constantly employed, and when his regular work in the carpenter's shop ceases for the use of the house, he spends his time in these sort of fancy works, including a gigantic flying kite, and in copying fine engravings. These drawings, in dark and coloured chalk, are most meritorious, and many of them, framed and glazed by himself, adorn the corridor and other parts of the asylum. One was graciously approved and accepted by the Queen, who was kindly pleased to send the artist a present; and Mr. Sidney had the honour of showing some of them to the Prince Consort, no common judge of art, who expressed the greatest surprise that one so gifted was still to be kept in the category of idiots, or ever had been one. His Royal Highness was particularly astonished, not merely by his copies of first-rate engravings, but by an imaginary drawing made by him of the siege of Sebastopol, partly from the 'Illustrated London News' and partly from his own ideas. He dislikes writing and holds it very cheap, and like the ancient inhabitants of certain portions of the American continent, would make his communications pictorial. If offended and intending to complain, he draws the incident, and makes his views of things about the house and his requests known in the same way. He has made a drawing of the future launch of his great ship, himself the principal figure, and all the inmates of the house cheering him and waving their caps. In short, he has seemingly just missed, by defect in some faculties and the want of equilibrium in those he possesses, being a distinguished genius. He is passionate in temper, but relents and punishes himself; he set a trap for Dr. Drown, when he offended him, but was very sorry for it; he kicked a panel out of a door, in a rage, and afterwards refused

to go to Brighton on an excursion of pleasure because he did not deserve it for this misconduct. He is conscientious, gentle, and generally well behaved, and is now considered on the staff, dines with the attendants, and, some say, he fancies the establishment could scarcely go on without him. He has a brother afflicted with the same malady as himself in the asylum, to whom his attentions are constant and affectionate. To explain the physical and psychological mysteries of such a human being is beyond the present powers of any known science, and must puzzle the most ingenious speculators on the frontal, parietal, temporal, and occipital divisions of the human skull, as indicating idiocy or normal powers. There is no knowing what an idiot can do till tried, and such as can be taught nothing in one way may learn much in another. For instance, a girl clever at arithmetic persisted in calling the first three rules *contrition*, *consumption*, and *distraction*, instead of their proper names. The youth thus described, with all his cleverness could never be made to understand that an annual sum paid quarterly would equal in amount the same paid weekly; yet another, stupid at all other things, will make arithmetical calculations, mentally, of great extent, with perfect accuracy and marvellous readiness.

No condition of those afflicted with this malady need be despaired of in experienced and judicious hands. It is not long since Dr. Down, the physician at Earlswood, was requested to see a boy living in London with his mother and sisters, and who was becoming altogether unmanageable. He was filthy, obstinate, and dangerous to a degree that caused him to be dreaded. Dr. Down recommended his being sent to Earlswood, — advice very reluctantly taken. He came in a horrid condition, and was to all appearance hopelessly vicious, at first refusing every kindness and even food, threatening any person who came near him, thinking to terrify his attendants as he had done his relatives. Dr. Down met his menaces kindly, by perseverance won him, and in a month changed him into a tractable being. When this was reported to his mother, she became uneasy, fearing that violent measures had been taken, and hastened to the asylum. Placed in one of the rooms, she saw her son cross the garden, and beard Dr. Down ask him to gather him a rose, which he brought, to her astonishment, to the doctor in a pleasant manner. It was still thought advisable that he should, during this visit of his mother, not know that

she was present. In two months from this time they were allowed to meet, and she talked with joy to her altered son. She declared that all was to her a mystery, for nothing but brute force could do anything with him before; and here was the great mistake. This unpromising youth joined the party in the carpenter's shop, working diligently and cheerfully at this trade of his own selection. The proper method was here pursued by the judicious and experienced physician, and the issue was a great success. Itard failed with the wild boy of Arveyron who roamed in the woods and was caught rolling in the snow, because he treated him not as an idiot but as a savage.

The writings from which most of these cases are selected are all replete with instances of success. It must be most gratifying in an asylum to see the reclaimed patients doing the work of the establishment, and rendering fewer servants necessary in almost every department. Some are even sent to purchase articles at shops, and on various errands of confidence. It scarcely ever happens that they fail in their particular message, but what they may have to say on returning from a neighbouring town is impossible to predict. For instance, a boy came home from a place where an election was going on and said the successful candidate *had won the pig*. Every one was puzzled till it was made out that he was at *the head of the poll*, which the poor imbecile thought meant *the pole*, and supposed that he had been climbing a greasy pole, as they do in rustic games, for the prize of a fat pig! The carrier at Earlswood has passed through many grades of occupation, having been a tailor, cook, gardener, mason, and farmer. He now goes to Redhill two or three times a day, and is entirely to be trusted. He was originally a pitiable specimen, skulking about in his native place with pockets full of torn leaves of books and filthy bits of newspaper, all the rude boys around following and teasing him. He has now been taught all the employments named, and exhibits a feeling of religion and a sense of duty of the most exemplary kind, being truthful, extremely well-behaved, well-versed in the Scriptures, and rebuking every kind of deception or impropriety, while he himself is an admirable example.

Enough has now been stated to convince all inquirers that the pains taken with idiots have not been unrequited. Mr. Sidney assures us that he has known parents to come and inquire for their child, and were unable to recognize him in a group when requested

to do so; and he says he has seen a mother standing on the steps before the door of the asylum and turning her son round and round with amazement, till the tears of joy flowed down her cheeks. We cannot therefore do otherwise than recognize with satisfaction the efforts now making in this nation to reclaim and educate idiots, and indeed in all parts of the world. It has been a happy and successful experiment, but there is much still to learn, and the progress of the work needs great vigilance and care, so that we may hope that if the British Isles do actually contain 50,000 idiots or imbeciles, as has been asserted, they may all more or less find at least some effectual palliation of their wretched condition.

'The patient and well-directed efforts made in asylums already existing' (says Dr. Conolly) 'for the imbecile and idiotic children, have proved that the senses may be educated, the muscular movements and powers improved, and the mental faculties in every case more or less cultivated. The faculty of speech may be, we may almost say, bestowed on many who appear at first to be unable to employ articulate language: all their habits may be amended; industrial power may be imparted to them; all their moral feelings awakened, and even devotional aspirations given to those in whom the attributes of soul were so obscured as to seem to be wanting.'

All cannot be equally improved, but it is rare to discover a single instance in which some benefit is not imparted, while many may be raised to a position of social comfort, and to gain a good livelihood by the exercise of their respective handicrafts under vigilant employers to whom they act as journeymen. Thus the solitary and useless are made social and industrious, while, relieved from the blight of their deplorable condition, they become conscious of their humanity, as well as, in a measure, independent, happy, and confident, instead of helpless, sad, and distrustful.

Nothing more surprises a visitor to a well-managed asylum for imbeciles than the entire absence of that gloom which most persons naturally expect to find hanging over it like a dark cloud. Mr. Sidney assures us that a summer fête at Earlswood was a truly joyous scene, and all the preparations for it in the shape of tents, flags, and preparations for games, gave the grounds before the building the aspect of great gayety. These of course would be readily provided by generous promoters of the charity anxious to give the inmates the pleasure of a gala; but the real mat-

ter of astonishment was in the fact that nearly every one of these useful and ornamental appendages of the holiday were made in the institution, and had been erected, coloured, painted, and otherwise decorated by the inmates. The same operatives constructed a balloon, painted and repaired Punch and Judy, and set out the croquet and wickets for cricket. Some formed a Nigger Troupe, and with blackened faces and grotesque dresses joined the attendants in a performance of great humour. Many of the pupils were to be seen leading their infirm fellows, and carefully tending them during the routine of the day. Nothing could be more decorous or more joyous, the discipline being perfectly maintained with the utmost liberty for the most unrestrained pleasure; and not a spectator left that home of those who but for the exertions made in their behalf would have been outcasts, without expressions of gratification and the conviction that the work was eminently compensating.

The consequences of judicious care bestowed by friends of the feeble-minded on the unfortunates to whom they are directed, we have described and illustrated by examples of individual benefit; we must now take a larger view as regards their extended influence on this mournfully numerous and helpless portion of the human family. To give freedom and happiness to thousands of imprisoned minds and miserable beings is worthy of the anxious consideration of philanthropists in all nations. Wherever the great double experiment has been made—for it is double, medicinal and instructive, the skilled physician and patient teacher going hand in hand—all patients have been improved in personal appearance, health, habits, and comfort; *most* in vigour, decency, self-control, perception, speech, and knowledge of objects; *many* in powers of all kinds, observation, manners, thought, habits, pursuits, industry, and religion; while *some* are actually fitted to mingle with the world, and even educated persons, with due care. This age, in which men have penetrated into the hidden *forces* of matter, has also made great discoveries as regards the connection between *organism* and mind. Hence it has been enabled to replace both senses in the cases of the blind and deaf mutes, and to raise defective powers in an idiot, kindness being the keynote of all progress.

In addition to the benefits conferred on the individuals who are raised by these institutions to the level of humanity, science

has everything to gain from a more extended and systematic observation of the phenomena of idiocy. Inquiry may be made into all that has any bearing on cases of congenital idiots, and we may at last arrive at some more definite view of the causes of this malady than the present guess-work, on which, because it is so, we forbear to speculate. Most men who have thought much on the subject have had their notions and theories; but we are far from knowing certainly how it has happened that human beings have been born, in whom the harmony of nature has been so disturbed by the excesses or defects of physical constitution. American writers have been very forward in propounding their views, and we think they had been more prudent and philosophical if they had waited for more complete investigation. We can only say of these helpless ones that they have entered life in a state of imperfection that has hitherto been regarded as hopeless; but by the means used to convert the hopeless into hopeful human beings, we shall best learn the needful lessons of every kind respecting them. We find in all a more or less incomplete physical structure; the bony parts of the body are fragile, the teeth are subject to very early decay, the muscles are infirm and often flabby, the gait is ill-balanced, the appetite is voracious, while the digestion is imperfect, the taste has no discrimination, the sensations are benumbed, and the blood and secretions impure. To make accurate investigation into all these things, with a view to beneficial operations, is due from society to the thousands of its members who are blighted and bowed down by them. No single accompaniment of such a condition, if it prevails largely, may be deemed unimportant, whether it belongs to one organ or another, to the brain, the tongue, the ear, the nose, the lips, the palate, or any part of the body.

Certain peculiarities of the ear are often seen in idiots. At one time there was a girl at Essex Hall whose ears were enormous and flapped about in the most extraordinary manner, giving her an appearance singularly strange and grotesque, the more so as she was very lively and good-humoured, with a marked expression of drollery. There is an idea that the brain and these derangements mutually affect each other. The lobule of the ear and its position with regard to the cheek, as well as the formation of the helix, present, it is said, peculiar modifications in idiots, and also sometimes in lunatics, while there is often a flaccidity in the fleshy parts, which are turgid and not

symmetrical with those on the other side of the head. Nor is it unlikely that these several varieties from the normal condition may be due to a certain defective circulation, which may extend to the internal tissues of the brain, having at the same time relation to the encephalic development and that of the skull.

We have previously referred to the observations of Dr. Down with regard to certain facial inequalities perceptible in idiots, and they were made upon two hundred cases taken without any special selection from a larger number. He well remarks that the opinions formed of idiots have arisen more from the representations of poets and romance-writers than from the deductions of rigid observation. Persons think their heads are formed like that in Lavater's portrait, or Homer's description of Thersites, so that all their notions are built on the strongest exaggerations, and not on true investigations of their physical and psychological conditions, which are the only real tests of their state. As in the case of the ear, so the formation of the mouth is often aberrant. The palate is found to be inordinately arched, and also unsymmetrical, one side plane, the other concave, or sometimes excessively flattened, while its veil, called the *velum palati*, is unusually flaccid, or the palate itself exceedingly narrow. The faulty nature of the teeth has been before alluded to; they are not only so in the way previously mentioned, but are irregular, crowded, sometimes to a degree of deformity, and all due to the imperfect development of the superior maxillary bone. The tongue likewise is out of order, so that many cannot protrude it, or is of inordinate size, resulting in defective articulation. Besides these defects, the tonsils and the mucous membrane are disordered, to which may be added elongation of the uvula. The flow of saliva from the mouth is another symptom of idiocy, and it is sometimes so excessive as to produce severe excoriation of the chin, and it is rarely unconnected, except in childhood, old age, or disease, or injury, with mental imbecility. This great secretion of saliva and its incontinent retention are capable of much improvement. All these observations are worthy of attention, because they exhibit the bodily characteristics of a class whose mental vigour is infirm; and the inference of Dr. Down is unquestionable, that the psychological condition of these unfortunates should be specially sought to be ameliorated by an improvement of their physical condition. One conclusion seems to be certainly arrived at, which is, that the many different

manifestations of want of harmony between the physical and mental powers of idiots are due either to some defect in the bodily organs, or to the derangement of their functions. To this it may be added, as is done by the author of the report of the New York Asylum, "that amidst all the diversities just alluded to there is one common point of resemblance not of a physical character, and that is the want of attention." Evidently this is due to an inability, arising from some physical cause, to concentrate the faculties and powers on a given object. This means that these faculties and powers are in such a state that they refuse, to the natural and normal extent, to obey the will. In allusion to this condition of all idiots in greater or less degree, the writer last referred to has the following observations:—

"One peculiarity of our system of instruction consists, then, mainly in creating this power of attention; in the first place by exciting the will by appropriate stimuli, and then by its continued exercise giving it the capability to control the other attributes of the individual. It should be mentioned, because of its relation to our mode of education, that there is a natural order both in the succession in which the will obtains the supremacy over the other powers, and also in the means by which that will is developed and strengthened. We see it in the infant naturally well endowed, and especially in the idiot, because of the more gradual progress in the control it first acquires over the muscular system, then over the intellect, and finally over the desires, the appetites, and the passions. That natural order in the means by which the will is developed is learned by a similar observation, and the knowledge of it has its practical value in our course of instruction. It is first excited by the instincts, then by the appetite; still again by the desires, the intellect, and finally the moral powers. Thus a child is sometimes seen who, with no lack of muscular power, is unwilling to take anything in his hand. The fear of falling, one development of the instinct of self-preservation, will, however, lead him to grasp with firmness the rounds of a ladder rather than suffer injury. Then he will hold food in his hand, or a cup of water, to gratify his appetite. Next he is induced to hold an object in his hand, to gratify his senses or his curiosity with reference to it. And so he goes from one step to another, the discipline acquired in accomplishing the lower enabling him to achieve the higher. Physical training will, then, form the basis of all well-directed efforts for the education of idiots; first, because of its direct effect to obviate the existing peculiarity of physical condition; and secondly, because the gymnastic exercises constituting the physical training may be designed and adapted to develop the power of attention in conformity with the natural order of succession."

These are in truth the ideas which have been made to operate on the idiot with so much practical benefit both in Europe and in America, and if well reflected upon they will be found not merely to form the basis of the education of the imbecile, but, as has been hinted before, of those gifted with ordinary powers. All teachers may learn from the methods with idiots at Earlswood and elsewhere that no lesson, no pursuit, ought, when once attention to it has been obtained, to be made fatiguing, and that a prudent change from one object to another, at due intervals, is absolutely essential. A *genius* may be stunted by over-work and mental fatigue, in the same way as the little *germ* of thought which lies buried in a deficient organism may be apparently extinguished; but both may be brought out by proper means. The difference between the teachers of the two is, that the one must reach to the height of the mental powers and bodily capabilities, while the other must be able to probe to the lowest depth of the concealed and feeble faculties. We agree with Mr. Sidney that

"the advancements made in the teaching of idiots will not be without great practical use in teaching others, and bringing to the mind many things of importance that have been overlooked. It will especially throw light on bodily training, as a valuable agent in assisting the mental and moral powers, though it has frequently been regarded merely as promotive of muscular strength and manual dexterity. Corporeal exercises in children need not be only idle amusements and useless pastimes—they may be made of more service, both for the intellect and the organism, than ill-considered tasks and injudicious lessons."

The eminent medical gentlemen both in America, Great Britain, and other parts of Europe, who have assisted in the amelioration of the condition of the imbecile, ought to be regarded as amongst the truest benefactors of the pitiable objects afflicted by this dreadful calamity. In England, the asylum at Earlswood is worthy of the benevolence of a great nation, and we trust it has become a model and a stimulus in the right direction to the entire civilized world; for where is the community that has not been troubled with the disfiguring presence of idioty, often studiously concealed and disregarded, but, till these days of highly developed Christian philanthropy and science, never attempted to be solaced or improved by the skilled and benevolent hand of enlightened charity?

CHAPTER XXX.

OLD WAYS AND NEW WAYS.

MR PRESTON was now installed in his new house at Hollingford; Mr. Sheepshanks having entered into dignified idleness at the house of his married daughter, who lived in the county town. His successor had plunged with energy into all manner of improvements; and among others he fell to draining a piece of outlying waste and unreclaimed land of Lord Cumnor's, which was close to Squire Hamley's property; that very piece for which he had had the Government grant, but which now lay neglected, and only half-drained, with stacks of mossy tiles, and lines of up-turned furrows telling of abortive plans. It was not often that the squire rode in this direction now-a-days; but the cottage of a man who had been the squire's game-keeper in those more prosperous days when the Hamleys could afford to preserve was close to the rush-grown ground. This old servant and tenant was ill, and had sent a message up to the Hall, asking to see the squire; not to reveal any secret, or to say anything particular, but only from the feudal loyalty, which made it seem to the dying man as if it would be a comfort to shake the hand, and look once more into the eyes, of the lord and master whom he had served, and whose ancestors his own forbears had served for so many generations. And the squire was as fully alive as old Silas to the claims of the tie that existed between them. Though he hated the thought, and, still more, should hate the sight, of the piece of land, on the side of which Silas's cottage stood, the squire ordered his horse, and rode off within half-an-hour of receiving the message. As he drew near the spot he thought he heard the sound of tools, and the hum of many voices, just as he used to hear them a year or two before. He listened with surprise. Yes. Instead of the still solitude he had expected, there was the clink of iron, the heavy gradual thud of the fall of barrows-full of soil—the cry and shout of labourers. But not on his land—better worth expenses and trouble by far than the reedy clay common on which the men were, in fact, employed. He knew it was Lord Cumnor's property; and he knew Lord Cumnor and his family had gone up in the world (“the Whig rascals!”), both in wealth and in station, as the Hamleys had gone down. But all the same—in spite of long known facts, and in spite of reason—the squire's ready anger rose high at the sight of his neighbour doing what he had been unable to do, and he a Whig; and his family only in the county since Queen Anne's time. He

went so far as to wonder whether they might not—the labourers he meant—avail themselves of his tiles, lying so conveniently close to hand. All these thoughts, regrets, and wonders were in his mind as he rode up to the cottage he was bound to, and gave his horse in charge to a little lad, who had hitherto found his morning's business and amusement in playing at “houses” with a still younger sister, with some of the squire's neglected tiles. But he was old Silas's grandson, and he might have battered the rude red earthenware to pieces—a whole stack—one by one, and the squire would have said little or nothing. It was only that he would not spare one to a labourer of Lord Cumnor's. No! not one.

Old Silas lay in a sort of closet, opening out of the family living-room. The small window that gave it light looked right on to the “moor,” as it was called; and by day the check curtain was drawn aside so that he might watch the progress of the labour. Everything about the old man was clean, of course; and, with Death, the leveller, so close at hand, it was the labourer who made the first advances, and put out his horny hand to the squire.

“I thought you'd come, squire. Your father came for to see my father as he lay a-dying.”

“Come, come, my man!” said the squire, easily affected, as he always was. “Don't talk of dying, we shall soon have you out, never fear. They've sent you up some soup from the Hall, as I bade 'em, haven't they?”

“Ay, ay, I've had all as I could want for to eat and to drink. The young squire and Master Roger was here yesterday.”

“Yes, I know.”

“But I'm a deal nearer Heaven to-day, I am. I should like you to look after the covers in the West Spinney. squire; them gorse, you know, where th' old fox had her hole—her as give 'em so many a run. You'll mind it, squire, though you was but a lad. I could laugh to think on her tricks yet.” And, with a weak attempt at a laugh, he got himself into a violent fit of coughing, which alarmed the squire, who thought he would never get his breath again. His daughter-in-law came in at the sound, and told the squire that he had these coughing-bouts very frequently, and that she thought he would go off in one of them before long. This opinion of hers was spoken simply out before the old man, who now lay gasping and exhausted upon his pillow. Poor people acknowledge the inevitableness and the approach of death in a much more straight-

forward manner than is customary among more educated folk. The squire was shocked at her hard-heartedness, as he considered it; but the old man himself had received much tender kindness in return from his daughter-in-law; and what she had just said was no more news to him than the fact that the sun would rise to-morrow. He was more anxious so go on with his story.

"Them navvies—I call 'em navvies because some on 'em is strangers, though some on 'em is th' men as was turned off your own works, squire, when there came orders to stop 'em last fall—they're a-pulling up gorse and brush to light their fire for warming up their messes. It's a long way off to their homes, and they mostly dine here; and there'll be nothing of a cover left, if you don't see after 'em. I thought I should like to tell ye afore I died. Parson's been here; but I did na tell him. He's all for the earl's folk, and he'd not ha' heeded. It's the earl as put him into his church, I reckon, for he said what a fine thing it were for to see so much employment a-given to the poor, and he never said nought o' th' sort when your works were agait, squire."

This long speech had been interrupted by many a cough and gasp for breath; and having delivered himself of what was on his mind, he turned his face to the wall, and appeared to be going to sleep. Presently he roused himself with a start.

"I know I flogged him well, I did. But he were after pheasants' eggs, and I didn't know he were an orphan. Lord, forgive me!"

"He's thinking on David Morton, the cripple, as used to go about trapping venison," whispered the woman.

"Why, he died long ago—twenty year, I should think," replied the squire.

"Ay, but when grandfather goes off i' this way to sleep after a bout of talking he seems to be dreaming on old times. He'll not waken up yet, sir; you'd best sit down if you'd like to stay," she continued, as she went into the house-place and dusted a chair with her apron. "He was very particular in bidding me wake him if he were asleep, and you or Mr. Roger was to call. Mr. Roger said he'd be coming again this morning—but he'll likely sleep an hour or more, if he's let alone."

"I wish I'd said good-by, I should like to have done that."

"He drops off so sudden," said the woman. "But if you'd be better pleased to have said it, squire, I'll waken him up a bit."

"No, no!" the squire called-out as the woman was going to be as good as her word. "I'll come again, perhaps to-morrow. And tell him I was sorry; for I am indeed. And be sure and send to the Hall for anything you want! Mr. Roger is coming, is he? He'll bring me word how he is, later on. I should like to have bidden him good-by."

So, giving sixpence to the child who had held his horse, the squire mounted. He sate still a moment, looking at the busy work going on before him, and then at his own half-completed drainage. It was a bitter pill. He had objected to borrowing from Government, in the first instance; and then his wife had persuaded him to the step; and after it was once taken, he was as proud as could be of the only concession to the spirit of progress he ever made in his life. He had read and studied the subject pretty thoroughly, if also very slowly, during the time his wife had been influencing him. He was tolerably well up in agriculture, if in nothing else; and at one time he had taken the lead among the neighbouring land-owners, when he first began tile-drainage. In those days people used to speak of Squire Hamley's hobby; and at market ordinaries, or country dinners, they rather dreaded setting him off on long repetitions of arguments from the different pamphlets on the subject which he had read. And now the proprietors all around him were draining—draining; his interest to Government was running on all the same, though his works were stopped, and his tiles deteriorating in value. It was not a soothing consideration, and the squire was almost ready to quarrel with his shadow. He wanted a vent for his ill-humour; and suddenly remembering the devastations on his covers, which he had heard about not a quarter of an hour before, he rode up to the men busy at work on Lord Cumnor's land. Just before he got up to them he encountered Mr. Preston, also on horseback, come to overlook his labourers. The squire did not know him personally, but from the agent's manner of speaking, and the deference that was evidently paid to him, Mr. Hamley saw that he was a responsible person. So he addressed the agent:—"I beg your pardon, I suppose you are the manager of these works?"

Mr. Preston replied,—"Certainly. I am that and many other things besides, at your service. I have succeeded Mr. Sheepshanks in the management of my lord's property. Mr. Hamley of Hamley, I believe?"

The squire bowed stiffly. He did not like his name to be asked or presumed upon in that manner. An equal might conjecture

who he was, or recognize him, but, till he announced himself, an inferior had no right to do more than address him respectfully as "Sir." That was the squire's code of etiquette.

"I am Mr. Hamley of Hamley. I suppose you are as yet ignorant of the boundary of Lord Cumnor's land, and so I will inform you that my property begins at the pond yonder, — just where you see the rise in the ground."

"I am perfectly acquainted with that fact, Mr. Hamley," said Mr. Preston, a little annoyed at the ignorance attributed to him. "But may I inquire why my attention is called to it just now?"

The squire was beginning to boil over; but he tried to keep his temper in. The effort was very much to be respected, for it was a great one. There was something in the handsome and well-dressed agent's tone and manner inexpressibly irritating to the squire, and it was not lessened by an involuntary comparison of the capital roadster on which Mr. Preston was mounted with his own ill-groomed and aged cob.

"I have been told that your men out yonder do not respect these boundaries, but are in the habit of plucking up gorse from my covers to light their fires."

"It is possible they may!" said Mr. Preston, lifting his eyebrows, his manner being more nonchalant than his words. "I dare say they think no great harm of it. However, I'll inquire."

"Do you doubt my word, sir?" said the squire, fretting his mare till she began to dance about. "I tell you I've heard it only within this last half-hour."

"I don't mean to doubt your word, Mr. Hamley; it's the last thing I should think of doing. But you must excuse my saying that the argument which you have twice brought up for the authenticity of your statement, 'that you have heard it within the last half-hour,' is not quite so forcible as to preclude the possibility of a mistake."

"I wish you'd only say in plain language that you doubt my word," said the squire, clenching and slightly raising his horsewhip. "I can't make out what you mean — you use so many words."

"Pray don't lose your temper, sir. I said I should inquire. You have not seen the men pulling up gorse yourself, or you would have named it. I surely may doubt the correctness of your information until I have made some inquiry; at any rate, that is the course I shall pursue, and if it gives you offence, I shall be sorry, but I shall do it just the same. When I am convinced that harm

has been done to your property, I shall take steps to prevent it for the future, and of course, in my lord's name, I shall pay you compensation — it may probably amount to half-a-crown." He added these last words in a lower tone, as if to himself, with a slight, contemptuous smile on his face.

"Quiet, mare, quiet," said the squire, quite unawares that he was the cause of her impatient movements by the way he was perpetually tightening her reins; and also, perhaps, he unconsciously addressed the injunction to himself.

Neither of them saw Roger Hamley, who was just then approaching them with long, steady steps. He had seen his father from the door of old Silas's cottage, and, as the poor fellow was still asleep, he was coming to speak to his father, and was near enough now to hear the next words.

"I don't know who you are, but I've known land-agents who were gentlemen, and I've known some who were not. You belong to this last set, young man," said the squire, "that you do. I should like to try my horse-whip on you for your insolence."

"Pray, Mr. Hamley," replied Mr. Preston, coolly, "curb your temper a little, and reflect. I really feel sorry to see a man of your age in such a passion" — moving a little farther off, however, but really more with a desire to save the irritated man from carrying his threat into execution, out of a dislike to the slander and excitement it would cause, than from any personal dread. Just at this moment Roger Hamley came close up. He was panting a little, and his eyes were very stern and dark; but he spoke quietly enough.

"Mr. Prestor, I can hardly understand what you mean by your last words. But, remember, my father is a gentleman of age and position, and not accustomed to receive advice as to the management of his temper from young men like you."

"I desired him to keep his men off my land," said the squire to his son — his wish to stand well in Roger's opinion restraining his temper a little; but though his words might be a little calmer, there were all other signs of passion present — the discoloured complexion, the trembling hands, the fiery cloud in his eyes. "He refused, and doubted my word."

Mr. Preston turned to Roger, as if appealing from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and spoke in a tone of cool explanation, which, though not insolent in words, was excessively irritating in manner.

"Your father has misunderstood me — perhaps it is no wonder," trying to convey,

by a look of intelligence at the son, his opinion that the father was in no state to hear reason. "I never refused to do what was just and right. I only required further evidence as to the past wrong-doing; your father took offence at this" — and then he shrugged his shoulders, and lifted his eyebrows in a manner he had formerly learnt in France.

"At any rate, sir! I can scarcely reconcile the manner and words to my father, which I heard you use when I first came up, with the deference you ought to have shown to a man of his age and position. As to the fact of the trespass" —

"They are pulling up all the gorse, Roger — there'll be no cover whatever for game soon," put in the squire.

Roger bowed to his father, but took up his speech at the point it was at before the interruption.

"I will inquire into it myself at a cooler moment; and if I find that such trespass or damage has been committed, of course I shall expect that you will see it put a stop to. Come, father! I am going to see old Silas — perhaps you don't know that he is very ill." So he endeavoured to wile the squire away to prevent further words. He was not entirely successful.

Mr. Preston was enraged by Roger's calm and dignified manner, and threw after them this parting shaft, in the shape of a loud soliloquy, —

"Position, indeed! What are we to think of the position of a man who begins works like these without counting the cost, and comes to a stand-still, and has to turn off his labourers just at the beginning of winter, leaving" —

They were too far off to hear the rest. The squire was on the point of turning back before this, but Roger took hold of the reins of the old mare, and led her over some of the boggy ground, as if to guide her into sure-footing, but, in reality, because he was determined to prevent the renewal of the quarrel. It was well that the cob knew him, and was, indeed, old enough to prefer quietness to dancing; for Mr. Hamley plucked hard at the reins, and at last broke out with an oath, — "Damn it, Roger! I'm not a child; I won't be treated as such. Leave go, I say!"

Roger let go; they were not on firm ground, and he did not wish any watchers to think that he was exercising any constraint over his father; and this quiet obedience to his impatient commands did more to sooth the squire than anything else could have effected just then.

"I know I turned them off — what could I do? I'd no more money for their weekly wages; it's a loss to me, as you know. He doesn't know, no one knows, but I think your mother would, how it cut me to turn 'em off just before winter set in. I lay awake many a night thinking of it, and I gave them what I had — I did, indeed. I hadn't got money to pay 'em, but I had three barren cows fattened, and gave every scrap of meat to the men, and I let 'em go into the woods and gather what was fallen, and I winked at their breaking off old branches, and now to have it cast up against me by that cur — that servant. But I'll go on with the works, by —, I will, if only to spite him. I'll show him who I am. My position, indeed! A Hamley of Hamley takes a higher position than his master. I'll go on with the works, see if I don't! I'm paying between one and two hundred a year interest on Government money. I'll raise some more if I go to the Jews; Osborne has shown me the way, and Osborne shall pay for it — he shall. I'll not put up with insults. You shouldn't have stopped me, Roger! I wish to heaven I'd horsewhipped the fellow!"

He was lashing himself again into an impotent rage, painful to a son to witness; but just then the little grandchild of old Silas, who had held the squire's horse during his visit to the sick man, came running up, breathless:

"Please, sir, please, squire, mammy has sent me, grandfather has wakened up sudden, and mammy says he's dying, and would you please come; she says he'd take it as a kind compliment, she's sure."

So they went to the cottage, the squire speaking never a word, but suddenly feeling as if lifted out of a whirlwind and set down in a still and awful place.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A PASSIVE COQUETTE.

It is not to be supposed that such an encounter as Mr. Preston had just had with Roger Hamley sweetened the regards in which the two young men henceforward held each other. They had barely spoken to each other before, and but seldom met; for the land-agent's employment had hitherto lain in Ashcombe, some sixteen or seventeen miles from Hamley. He was older than Roger by several years; but during the time he had been in the country Osborne and Roger had been at school and at college. Mr. Preston was prepared to dislike the Hamleys for many unreasonable rea-

sons. Cynthia and Molly had both spoken of the brothers with familiar regard, implying considerable intimacy; their flowers had been preferred to his on the occasion of the ball; most people spoke well of them; and Mr. Preston had an animal's instinctive jealousy and combativeness against all popular young men. Their "position" — poor as the Hamleys might be — was far higher than his own in the county; and, moreover, he was agent to the great Whig lord, whose political interests were diametrically opposed to those of the old Tory squire. Not that Lord Cumnor troubled himself much about his political interests. His family had obtained property and title from the Whigs at the time of the Hanoverian succession; and so, traditionally, he was a Whig, and had belonged in his youth to Whig clubs, where he had lost considerable sums of money to Whig gamblers. All this was satisfactory and consistent enough. And if Lord Hollingford had not been returned for the county on the Whig interest — as his father had been before him, until he had succeeded to the title — it is quite probable Lord Cumnor would have considered the British constitution in danger, and the patriotism of his ancestors ungratefully ignored. But, excepting at elections, he had no notion of making Whig and Tory a party cry. He had lived too much in London, and was of too sociable a nature, to exclude any man, who jumped with his humour, from the hospitality he was always ready to offer, be the agreeable acquaintance Whig, Tory, or Radical. But in the county of which he was lord-lieutenant, the old party distinction was still a shibboleth by which men were tested for their fitness for social intercourse, as well as on the hustings. If by any chance a Whig found himself at a Tory dinner-table — or vice versa — the food was hard of digestion, and wine and viands were criticised rather than enjoyed. A marriage between the young people of the separate parties was almost as unheard of and prohibited an alliance as that of Romeo and Juliet's. And of course Mr. Preston was not a man in whose breast such prejudices would die away. They were an excitement to him for one thing, and called out all his talent for intrigue on behalf of the party to which he was allied. Moreover, he considered it as loyalty to his employer to "scatter his enemies" by any means in his power. He had always hated and despised the Tories in general; and after that interview on the marshy common in front of Silas's cottage, he hated the Hamleys, and Roger especially, with a very choice and particu-

lar hatred. "That prig," as hereafter he always designed Roger — "he shall pay for it yet," he said to himself by way of consolation, after the father and son had left him. "What a lout it is!" — watching the receding figures. "The old chap has twice as much spunk," as the squire tugged at his bridle-reins. "The old mare could make her way better without being led, my fine fellow. But I see through your dodge. You're afraid of your old father turning back and getting into another rage. Position indeed! a beggarly squire — a man who did turn off his men just before winter, to rot or starve, for all he cared — it's just like a venal old Tory." And, under the cover of sympathy with the dismissed labourers, Mr. Preston indulged his own private pique very pleasantly.

Mr. Preston had many causes for rejoicing: he might have forgotten this discomfiture, as he chose to feel it, in the remembrance of an increase of income, and in the popularity he enjoyed in his new abode. All Hollingford came forward to do the earl's new agent honour. Mr. Sheepshanks had been a crabbed, crusty old bachelor, frequenting inn-parlours on market-days, not unwilling to give dinners to three or four chosen friends and familiars, with whom, in return, he dined from time to time, and with whom, also, he kept up an amicable rivalry in the matter of wines. But he "did not appreciate female society," as Miss Browning elegantly worded his unwillingness to accept the invitations of the Hollingford ladies. He was unrefined enough to speak of these invitations to his intimate friends aforesaid in the following manner, "Those old women's worryings;" but, of course, they never heard of this. Little quarter-of-sheet notes, without any envelopes — that invention was unknown in those days — but sealed in the corners when folded up instead of gummed as they are fastened at present, occasionally passed between Mr. Sheepshanks and the Miss Brownings, Mrs. Goodenough or others. In the first instance, the form ran as follows: — "Miss Browning and her sister, Miss Phoebe Browning, present their respectful compliments to Mr. Sheepshanks, and beg to inform him that a few friends have kindly consented to favour them with their company at tea on Thursday next. Miss Browning and Miss Phoebe will take it very kindly if Mr. Sheepshanks will join their little circle."

Now for Mrs. Goodenough.

"Mrs. Goodenough's respects to Mr. Sheepshanks, and hopes he is in good

health. She would be very glad if he would favour her with his company to tea on Monday. My daughter, in Combermere, has sent me a couple of guinea-fowls, and Mrs. Goodenough hopes Mr. Sheepshanks will stay and take a bit of supper."

No need for the dates of the days of the month. The good ladies would have thought that the world was coming to an end if the invitation had been sent out a week before the party therein named. But not even guinea-fowls for supper could tempt Mr. Sheepshanks. He remembered the made-wines he had tasted in former days at Hollingford parties, and shuddered. Bread-and-cheese, with a glass of bitter-beer, or a little brandy-and-water, partaken of in his old clothes (which had worn into shapes of loose comfort, and smelt strongly of tobacco), he liked better than roast guinea-fowl and birch-wine, even without throwing into the balance the stiff uneasy coat, and the tight neckcloth and tighter shoes. So the ex-agent had been seldom, if ever, seen at the Hollingford tea-parties. He might have had his form of refusal stereotyped, it was so invariably the same.

"Mr. Sheepshanks' duty to Miss Brown-ing and her sister" (to Mrs. Goodenough, or to others, as the case might be). "Business of importance prevents him from availing himself of their polite invitation; for which he begs to return his best thanks."

But now that Mr. Preston had succeeded, and come to live in Hollingford, things were changed.

He accepted every civility right and left, and won golden opinions accordingly. Parties were made in his honour, "just as if he had been a bride," Miss Phæbe Brown-ing said; and to all of them he went.

"What's the man after?" said Mr. Sheepshanks to himself, when he heard of his successor's affability, and sociability, and amiability, and a variety of other agreeable "ilities," from the friends whom the old steward still retained at Hollingford.

"Preston's not a man to put himself out for nothing. He's deep. He'll be after something solidier than popularity."

The sagacious old bachelor was right. Mr. Preston was "after" something more than mere popularity. He went wherever he had a chance of meeting Cynthia Kirkpatrick.

It might be that Molly's spirits were more depressed at this time than they were in general; or that Cynthia was exultant, un-awares to herself, in the amount of attention and admiration she was receiving from Roger by day, from Mr. Preston in the evening,

but the two girls seemed to have parted company in cheerfulness. Molly was always gentle, but very grave and silent. Cynthia, on the contrary, was merry, full of pretty mockeries, and hardly ever silent. When first she came to Hollingford one of her great charms had been that she was such a gracious listener; now her excitement, by whatever caused, made her too restless to hold her tongue; yet what she said was too pretty, too witty, not to be a winning and sparkling interruption, eagerly welcomed by those who were under her sway. Mr. Gibson was the only one who observed this change, and reasoned upon it.

"She is in a mental fever of some kind," thought he to himself. "She is very fascinating, but I don't quite understand her." If Molly had not been so entirely loyal to her friend, she might have thought this constant brilliancy a little tiresome when brought into every-day life; it was not the sunshiny rest of a placid lake, it was rather the glitter of the pieces of a broken mirror, which confuses and bewilders. Cynthia would not talk quietly about anything now; subjects of thought or conversation seemed to have lost their relative value. There were exceptions to this mood of hers, when she sank into deep fits of silence, that would have been gloomy had it not been for the never-varying sweetness of her temper. If there was a little kindness to be done to either Mr. Gibson or Molly, Cynthia was just as ready as ever to do it; nor did she refuse to do anything her mother wished, however fidgety might be the humour that prompted the wish. But in this latter case Cynthia's eyes were not quickened by her heart.

Molly was dejected, she knew not why. Cynthia had drifted a little apart; that was not it. Her stepmother had whimsical moods; and if Cynthia displeased her, she would oppress Molly with small kindnesses and pseudo-affection. Or else everything was wrong, the world was out of joint, and Molly had failed in her mission to set it right, and was to be blamed accordingly. But Molly was of too steady a disposition to be much moved by the changeableness of an unreasonable person. She might be annoyed, or irritated, but she was not depressed. That was not it. The real cause was certainly this. As long as Roger was drawn to Cynthia, and sought her of his own accord, it had been a sore pain and bewildrment to Molly's heart; but it was a straightforward attraction, and one which Molly acknowledged, in her humility and great power of loving, to be the most natural thing in

the world. She would look at Cynthia's beauty and grace, and feel as if no one could resist it. And when she witnessed all the small signs of honest devotion which Roger was at no pains to conceal, she thought, with a sigh, that surely no girl could help relinquishing her heart to such tender, strong keeping as Roger's character ensured. She would have been willing to cut off her right hand, if need were, to forward his attachment to Cynthia; and the self-sacrifice would have added a strange zest to a happy crisis. She was indignant at what she considered to be Mrs. Gibson's obtuseness to so much goodness and worth; and when she called Roger "a country lout," or any other depreciative epithet, Molly would pinch herself in order to keep silent. But after all those were peaceful days compared to the present, when she, seeing the wrong side of the tapestry, after the wont of those who dwell in the same house with a plotter, became aware that Mrs. Gibson had totally changed her behaviour to Roger, from some cause unknown to Molly.

But he was always exactly the same; "steady as old Time," as Mrs. Gibson called him, with her usual originality; "a rock of strength, under whose very shadow there is rest," as Mrs. Hamley had once spoken of him. So the cause of Mrs. Gibson's altered manner lay not in him. Yet now he was sure of a welcome, let him come at any hour he would. He was playfully reproved for having taken Mrs. Gibson's words too literally, and for never coming before lunch. But he said he considered her reasons for such words to be valid, and should respect them. And this was done out of his simplicity, and from no tinge of malice. Then in their family conversations at home, Mrs. Gibson was constantly making projects for throwing Roger and Cynthia together, with so evident a betrayal of her wish to bring about an engagement, that Molly chafed at the net spread so evidently, and at Roger's blindness in coming so willingly to be entrapped. She forgot his previous willingness, his former evidences of manly fondness for the beautiful Cynthia; she only saw plots of which he was the victim, and Cynthia the conscious if passive bait. She felt as if she could not have acted as Cynthia did; no, not even to gain Roger's love. Cynthia heard and saw as much of the domestic background as she did, and yet she submitted to the rôle assigned to her! To be sure, this rôle would have been played by her unconsciously; the things prescribed were what she would naturally have done; but because they were prescribed — by im-

plication only, it is true — Molly would have resisted; have gone out, for instance, when she was expected to stay at home; or have lingered in the garden when a long country walk was planned. At last — for she could not help loving Cynthia, come what would — she determined to believe that Cynthia was entirely unaware of all; but it was with an effort that she brought herself to believe it.

It may be all very pleasant "to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Næra's hair," but young men at the outset of their independent life have many other cares in this prosaic England to occupy their time and their thoughts. Roger was Fellow of Trinity, to be sure; and from the outside it certainly appeared as if his position, as long as he chose to keep unmarried, was a very easy one. His was not a nature, however, to sink down into inglorious ease, even had his fellowship income been at his disposal. He looked forward to an active life; in what direction he had not yet determined. He knew what were his talents and his tastes; and did not wish the former to lie buried, nor the latter, which he regarded as gifts, fitting him for some peculiar work, to be disregarded or thwarted. He rather liked awaiting an object, secure in his own energy to force his way to it, when he once saw it clearly. He reserved enough of money for his own personal needs, which were small, and for the ready furtherance of any project he might see fit to undertake; the rest of his income was Osborne's; given and accepted in the spirit which made the bond between these two brothers so rarely perfect. It was only the thought of Cynthia that threw Roger off his balance. A strong man in everything else, about her he was as a child. He knew that he could not marry and retain his fellowship; his intention was to hold himself loose from any employment or profession until he had found one to his mind, so there was no immediate prospect — no prospect for many years, indeed, that he would be able to marry. Yet he went on seeking Cynthia's sweet company, listening to the music of her voice, basking in her sunshine, and feeding his passion in every possible way, just like an unreasoning child. He knew that it was folly — and yet he did it; and it was perhaps this that made him so sympathetic with Osborne. Roger racked his brains about Osborne's affairs much more frequently than Osborne troubled himself. Indeed, he had become so ailing and languid of late, that even the squire made only very

faint objections to his desire for frequent change of scene, though formerly he used to grumble so much at the necessary expenditure it involved.

"After all, it does not cost much," the squire said to Roger one day. "Choose how he does it, he does it cheaply; he used to come and ask me for twenty, where now he does it for five. But he and I have lost each other's language, that's what we have! and my dictionary" (only he called it "dictionary") "has all got wrong because of those confounded debts—which he will never explain to me, or talk about—he always holds me off at arms' length when I begin upon it—he does, Roger—me, his old dad, as was his primest favourite of all, when he was a little bit of a chap!"

The squire dwelt so much upon Osborne's reserved behaviour to himself, that brooding over this one subject perpetually he became more morose and gloomy than ever in his manner to Osborne, resenting the want of the confidence and affection that he thus repelled. So much so that Roger, who desired to avoid being made the receptacle of his father's complaints against Osborne—and Roger's passive listening was the sedative his father always sought—had often to have recourse to the discussion of the drainage works as a counter-irritant. The squire had felt Mr. Preston's speech about the dismissal of his workpeople very keenly; it fell in with the reproaches of his own conscience, though, as he would repeat to Roger over and over again,—"I could not help it—how could I?—I was drained dry of ready money—I wish the land was drained as dry as I am," said he, with a touch of humour that came out before he was aware, and at which he smiled sadly enough. "What was I to do, I ask you, Roger? I know I was in a rage—I've had a deal to make me so—and maybe I did not think as much about consequences as I should have done, when I gave orders for 'em to be sent off; but I could not have done otherwise if I'd ha' thought for a twelve-month in cool blood. Consequences! I hate consequences; they've always been against me: they have. I'm so tied up I can't cut down a stick more, and that's a 'consequence' of having the property so deucedly well settled; I wish I'd never had any ancestors. Ay, laugh, lad! it does me good to see thee laugh a bit, after Osborne's long face, which always grows longer at sight o' me!"

"Look here, father!" said Roger, suddenly, "I'll manage somehow about the money for the works. You trust to me;

give me two months to turn myself in, and you shall have some money, at any rate, to begin with."

The squire looked at him, and his face brightened as a child's does at the promise of a pleasure made to him by some one on whom he can rely. He became a little graver, however, as he said,—"But how will you get it? It's hard enough work."

"Never mind: I'll get it—a hundred or so at first—I don't yet know how—but remember, father, I'm a Senior Wrangler, and a 'very promising young writer,' as that review called me. Oh, you don't know what a fine fellow you've got for a son. You should have read that review to know all my wonderful merits."

"I did, Roger. I heard Gibson speaking of it, and I made him get it for me. I should have understood it better if they could have called the animals by their English names, and not put so much of their French lingo into it."

"But it was an answer to an article by a French writer," pleaded Roger.

"I'd ha' let him alone!" said the squire, earnestly. "We had to beat 'em, and we did it at Waterloo; but I'd not demean myself by answering any of their lies, if I was you. But I got through the review, for all their Latin and French; I did, and if you doubt me, you just look at the end of the great ledger, turn it upside down, and you'll find I've copied out all the fine words they said of you: 'careful observer,' 'strong nervous English,' 'rising philosopher.' Oh! I can nearly say it all off by heart, for many a time when I am frabbed by bad debts, or Osborne's bills, or moidered with accounts, I turn the ledger wrong way up, and smoke a pipe over it, while I read those pieces out of the review which speak about you, lad!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

COMING EVENTS.

ROGER had turned over many plans in his mind, by which he thought that he could obtain sufficient money for the purpose he desired to accomplish. His careful grandfather, who had been a merchant in the city, had so tied up the few thousands he had left to his daughter, that although, in case of her death before her husband's, the latter might enjoy the life interest thereof, yet, in case of both their deaths, their second son did not succeed to the property until he was five-and-twenty; and if he died before that age the money that would then have been his went to one of

his cousins on the maternal side. In short, the old merchant had taken as many precautions about his legacy as if it had been for tens, instead of units of thousands. Of course Roger might have slipped through all these meshes by insuring his life until the specified age; and probably if he had consulted any lawyer this course would have been suggested to him. But he disliked taking any one into his confidence on the subject of his father's want of ready money. He had obtained a copy of his grandfather's will at Doctors' Commons, and he imagined that all the contingencies involved in it would be patent to the light of nature and common sense. He was a little mistaken in this, but not the less resolved that money in some way he would have in order to fulfil his promise to his father, and for the ulterior purpose of giving the squire some daily interest to distract his thoughts from the regrets and cares that were almost weakening his mind. It was "Roger Hamley, Senior Wrangler and Fellow of Trinity, to the highest bidder, no matter what honest employment," and presently it came down to "any bidder at all."

Another perplexity and distress at this time weighed upon Roger. Osborne, heir to the estate, was going to have a child. The Hamley property was entailed on "heirs male born in lawful wedlock." Was the "wedlock" lawful? Osborne never seemed to doubt that it was—never seemed, in fact, to think twice about it. And if he, the husband, did not, how much less did Aimée, the trustful wife? Yet who could tell how much misery any shadows of illegality might cast into the future? One evening Roger, sitting by the languid, careless, dilettante Osborne, began to question him as to the details of the marriage. Osborne knew instinctively at what Roger was aiming. It was not that he did not desire perfect legality in justice to his wife; it was that he was so indisposed at the time that he hated to be bothered. It was something like the refrain of Gray's Scandinavian Prophetess: "Leave me, leave me to repose."

"But do try and tell me how you managed it."

"How tiresome you are, Roger," put in Osborne.

"Well, I dare say I am. Go on!"

"I've told you Morrison married us. You remember old Morrison at Trinity?"

"Yes; as good and blunder-headed a fellow as ever lived."

"Well, he's taken orders; and the ex-

amination for priest's orders fatigued him so much that he got his father to give him a hundred or two for a tour on the Continent. He meant to get to Rome, because he heard that there were such pleasant winters there. So he turned up at Metz in August."

"I don't see why."

"No more did he. He never was great in geography, you know; and somehow he thought that Metz, pronounced French fashion, must be on the road to Rome. Some one had told him so in fun. However, it was very well for me that I met with him there; for I was determined to be married, and that without loss of time."

"But Aimée is a Catholic?"

"That's true! but you see I am not. You don't suppose I would do her any wrong, Roger?" asked Osborne, sitting up in his lounging-chair, and speaking rather indignantly to Roger, his face suddenly flushing red.

"No! I'm sure you would not mean it; but you see there's a child coming, and this estate is entailed on 'heirs male.' Now, I want to know if the marriage is legal or not? and it seems to me it's a ticklish question."

"Oh!" said Osborne, falling back into repose, "if that's all, I suppose you're next heir male, and I can trust you as I can myself. You know my marriage is *bonâ fide* in intention, and I believe it to be legal in fact. We went over to Strasbourg; Aimée picked up a friend—a good middle-aged Frenchwoman—who served half as bridesmaid, half as chaperone, and then we went before the mayor—*préfet*—what do you call them? I think Morrison rather enjoyed the spree. I signed all manner of papers in the prefecture; I did not read them over, for fear lest I could not sign them conscientiously. It was the safest plan. Aimée kept trembling so I thought she would faint, and then we went off to the nearest English chaplaincy, Carlsruhe, and the chaplain was away, so Morrison easily got the loan of the chapel, and we were married the next day."

"But surely some registration or certificate was necessary?"

"Morrison said he would undertake all those forms; and he ought to know his own business. I know I tipped him pretty well for the job."

"You must be married again," said Roger, after a pause, "and that before the child is born. Have you got a certificate of the marriage?"

"I dare say Morrison has got it somewhere. But I believe I'm legally married

according to the laws both of England and France; I really do, old fellow. I've got the préfet's papers somewhere."

"Never mind! you shall be married again in England. Aimée goes to the Roman Catholic chapel at Prestham, does not she?"

"Yes. She is so good I would not disturb her in her religion for the world."

"Then you shall be married both there and at the church of the parish in which she lives as well," said Roger, decidedly.

"It's a great deal of trouble, unnecessary trouble, and unnecessary expense, I should say," said Osborne. "Why can't you leave well alone? Neither Aimée nor I are of the sort of stuff to turn scoundrels and deny the legality of our marriage, and if the child is a boy, and my father dies, and I die, why I'm sure you'll do him justice, as sure as I am of myself, old fellow!"

"But if I die into the bargain? Make a hecatomb of the present Hamleys all at once, while you are about it. Who succeeds as heir male?"

Osborne thought for a moment. "One of the Irish Hamleys, I suppose. I fancy they are needy chaps. Perhaps you're right. But what need to have such gloomy forebodings?"

"The law makes one have foresight in such affairs," said Roger. "So I'll go down to Aimée next week when I'm in town, and I'll make all necessary arrangements before you come. I think you'll be happier if it is all done."

"I shall be happier if I've a chance of seeing the little woman, that I grant you. But what is taking you up to town? I wish I'd money to run about like you, instead of being shut up for ever in this dull old house."

Osborne was apt occasionally to contrast his position with Roger's in a tone of complaint, forgetting that both were the results of character, and also that out of his income Roger gave up so large a portion for the maintenance of his brother's wife. But if this ungenerous thought of Osborne's had been set clearly before his conscience, he would have smote his breast and cried "Mea culpa" with the best of them; it was only that he was too indolent to keep an unassisted conscience.

"I should not have thought of going up," said Roger, reddening as if he had been accused of spending another's money instead of his own, "if I had not had to go up on business. Lord Hollingford has written for me; he knows my great wish for employment, and has heard of something

which he considers suitable; there's his letter if you care to read it. But it does not tell anything definitely."

Osborne read the letter, and returned it to Roger. After a moment or two of silence he said,—"Why do you want money? Are we taking too much from you? It's a great shame of me; but what can I do? Only suggest a career for me, and I'll follow it to-morrow." He spoke as if Roger had been reproaching him.

"My dear fellow, don't get those notions into your head! I must do something for myself sometimes, and I have been on the look-out. Besides, I want my father to go on with his drainage, it would do good both to his health and his spirits. If I can advance any part of the money requisite, he and you shall pay me interest until you can return the capital."

"Roger, you're the providence of the family," exclaimed Osborne, suddenly struck by admiration at his brother's conduct, and forgetting to contrast it with his own.

So Roger went up to London and Osborne followed him, and for two or three weeks the Gibsons saw nothing of the brothers. But as wave succeeds to wave, so interest succeeds to interest. "The family," as they were called, came down for their autumn sojourn at the Towers; and again the house was full of visitors, and the Towers' servants, and carriages, and liveries were seen in the two streets of Hollingford, just as they might have been seen for scores of autumns past.

So runs the round of life from day to day. Mrs. Gibson found the chances of intercourse with the Towers rather more personally exciting than Roger's visits, or the rarer calls of Osborne Hamley. Cynthia had an old antipathy to the great family who had made so much of her mother and so little of her; and whom she considered as in some measure the cause why she had seen so little of her mother in the days when the little girl had craved for love and found none. Moreover, Cynthia missed her slave, although she did not care for Roger one thousandth part of what he did for her; yet she had found it not unpleasant to have a man whom she thoroughly respected, and whom men in general respected, the subject of her eye, the glad ministrant to each scarce spoken wish, a person in whose sight all her words were pearls or diamonds, all her actions heavenly graciousness, and in whose thoughts she reigned supreme. She had no modest unconsciousness about her; and yet she was not vain. She knew of all

this worship; and when from circumstances she no longer received it she missed it. The Earl and the Countess, Lord Hollingford and Lady Harriet, lords and ladies in general, liveries, dresses, bags of game, and rumours of riding parties, were as nothing to her as compared to Roger's absence. And yet she did not love him. No, she did not love him. Molly knew that Cynthia did not love him. Molly grew angry with her many and many a time as the conviction of this fact was forced upon her. Molly did not know her own feelings; Roger had no overwhelming interest in what they might be; while his very life-breath seemed to depend on what Cynthia felt and thought. Therefore Molly had keen insight into her "sister's" heart; and she knew that Cynthia did not love Roger. Molly could have cried with passionate regret at the thought of the unvalued treasure lying at Cynthia's feet; and it would have been a merely unselfish regret. It was the old fervid tenderness. "Do not wish for the moon, O my darling, for I cannot give it thee." Cynthia's love was the moon Roger yearned for; and Molly saw that it was far away and out of reach, else would she have strained her heart-strings to give it to Roger.

"I am his sister," she would say to herself. "That old bond is not done away with, though he is too much absorbed by Cynthia to speak about it just now. His mother called me 'Fanny'; it was almost like an adoption. I must wait and watch, and see if I can do anything for my brother."

One day Lady Harriet came to call on the Gibsons, or rather on Mrs. Gibson, for the latter retained her old jealousy if any one else in Hollingford was supposed to be on intimate terms at the great house, or in the least acquainted with their plans. Mr. Gibson might possibly know as much, but then he was professionally bound to secrecy. Out of the house she considered Mr. Preston as her rival, and he was aware that she did so, and delighted in teasing her by affecting a knowledge of family plans and details of affairs of which she was not aware. Indoors she was jealous of the fancy Lady Harriet had evidently taken for her step-daughter, and she contrived to place quiet obstacles in the way of a too frequent intercourse between the two. These obstacles were not unlike the shield of the knight in the old story; only instead of the two sides presented to the two travellers approaching it from opposite quarters, one of which was silver, and one of which was gold, Lady Harriet saw the smooth and shining yel-

low radiance, while poor Molly only perceived a dull and heavy lead. To Lady Harriet it was "Molly is gone out; she will be so sorry to miss you, but she was obliged to go to see some old friends of her mother's whom she ought not to neglect: as I said to her, constancy is everything. It is Sterne, I think, who says, 'Thine own and thy mother's friends forsake not.' But, dear Lady Harriet, you'll stop till she comes home, won't you? I know how fond you are of her; in fact" (with a little surface playfulness) "I sometimes say you come more to see her than your poor old Clare."

To Molly it had previously been,—

"Lady Harriet is coming here this morning. I can't have any one else coming in. Tell Maria to say I'm not at home. Lady Harriet has always so much to tell me. Dear Lady Harriet! I've known all her secrets since she was twelve years old. You two girls must keep out of the way. Of course she'll ask for you, out of common civility; but you would only interrupt us if you came in, as you did the other day,"—now addressing Molly—"I hardly like to say so, but I thought it was very forward."

"Maria told me she had asked for me," put in Molly, simply.

"Very forward indeed!" continued Mrs. Gibson, taking no further notice of the interruption, except to strengthen the words to which Molly's little speech had been intended as a correction.

"I think this time I must secure her ladyship from the chances of such an intrusion, by taking care that you are out of the house, Molly. You had better go to the Holly Farm, and speak about those damsons I ordered, and which have never been sent."

"I'll go," said Cynthia. "It's far too long a walk for Molly; she's had a bad cold, and is not as strong as she was a fortnight ago. I delight in long walks. If you want Molly out of the way, mamma, send her to the Miss Brownings'—they are always glad to see her."

"I never said I wanted Molly out of the way, Cynthia," replied Mrs. Gibson. "You always put things in such an exaggerated—I should almost say, so coarse a manner. I am sure, Molly, my love, you could never have so misunderstood me; it is only on Lady Harriet's account."

"I don't think I can walk as far as the Holly Farm; papa would take the message; Cynthia need not go."

"Well! I'm the last person in the world to tax any one's strength; I'd sooner never see damson preserve again. Suppose you do go and see Miss Browning; you can pay

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her a nice long call—you know she likes that—and ask after Miss Phœbe's cold from me, you know. They were friends of your mother's, my dear, and I would not have you break off old friendships for the world. 'Constancy above everything' is my motto, as you know, and the memory of the dead ought always to be cherished."

"Now, mamma, where am I to go?" asked Cynthia. "Though Lady Harriet does not care for me as much as she does for Molly—indeed, quite the contrary I should say—yet she might ask after me, and I had better be safely out of the way."

"True!" said Mrs. Gibson, meditatively, yet unconscious of any satire in Cynthia's speech.

"She is much less likely to ask for you, my dear: I almost think you might remain in the house, or you might go to the Holly Farm; I really do want the damsons; or you might stay here in the dining-room, you know, so as to be ready to arrange lunch prettily, if she does take a fancy to stay for it. She is very fanciful, is dear Lady Harriet! I would not like her to think we made any difference in our meals because she stayed. 'Simple elegance,' as I tell her, 'always is what we aim at.' But still you could put out the best service, and arrange some flowers, and ask cook what there is for dinner that she could send us for lunch, and make it all look pretty, and impromptu, and natural. I think you had better stay at home, Cynthia, and then you could fetch Molly from Miss Browning's in the afternoon, you know, and you two could take a walk together."

"After Lady Harriet was fairly gone! I understand, mamma. Off with you, Molly. Make haste, or Lady Harriet may come and ask for you as well as mamma. I'll take care and forget where you are going to, so that no one shall learn from me where you are, and I'll answer for mamma's loss of memory."

"Child! what nonsense you talk; you quite confuse me with being so silly," said Mrs. Gibson, flattered and annoyed as she usually was with the Lilliputian darts Cynthia flung at her. She had recourse to her accustomed feckless piece of retaliation—bestowing some favour on Molly; and this did not hurt Cynthia one whit.

"Molly, darling, there's a very cold wind, though it looks so fine. You had better put on my Indian shawl; and it will look so pretty, too, on your grey gown—scarlet and grey—it's not everybody I would lend it to, but you're so careful."

"Thank you," said Molly; and she left

Mrs. Gibson in careless uncertainty as to whether her offer would be accepted or not.

Lady Harriet was sorry to miss Molly, as she was fond of the girl; but as she perfectly agreed with Mrs. Gibson's truism about "constancy" and "old friends," she saw no occasion for saying any more about the affair, but sat down in a little low chair with her feet on the fender. This said fender was made of bright steel, and was strictly tabooed to all household and plebeian feet; indeed the position, if they assumed it, was considered low-bred and vulgar.

"That's right, dear Lady Harriet! you can't think what a pleasure it is to me to welcome you at my own fireside, into my humble home."

"Humble! now, Clare, that's a little bit of nonsense, begging you pardon. I don't call this pretty little drawing-room a bit of a 'humble home.' It is as full of comforts, and of pretty things too, as any room of its size can be."

"Ah! how small you must feel it! even I had to reconcile myself to it at first."

"Well! perhaps your school-room was larger, but remember how bare it was, how empty of anything but deal tables, and forms, and mats. Oh, indeed, Clare, I quite agree with mamma, who always says you have done very well for yourself; and Mr. Gibson too! What an agreeable, well-informed man!"

"Yes, he is," said his wife, slowly, as if she did not like to relinquish her rule of a victim to circumstances quite immediately. "He is very agreeable, very: only we see so little of him; and of course he comes home tired and hungry, and not inclined to talk to his own family, and apt to go to sleep."

"Come, come!" said Lady Harriet, "I'm going to have my turn now. We've had the complaint of a doctor's wife, now hear the moans of a peer's daughter. Our house is so overrun with visitors; and literally to-day I have come to you for a little solitude."

"Solitude!" exclaimed Mrs. Gibson. "Would you rather be alone?" slightly aggrieved.

"No, you dear silly woman; my solitude requires a listener, to whom I may say, 'How sweet is solitude. But I am tired of the responsibility of entertaining. Papa is so open-hearted, he asks every friend he meets with to come and pay us a visit. Mamma is really a great invalid, but she does not choose to give up her reputation for good health, having always considered illness a want of self-control. So she gets wearied

and worried by a crowd of people who are all of them open-mouthed for amusement of some kind; just like a brood of fledglings in a nest; so I have to be parent-bird, and pop morsels into their yellow leathery bills, to find them swallowed down before I can think of where to find the next. Oh, it's 'enter-taining' in the largest, literalest, dearest sense of the word. So I have told a few lies this morning, and come off here for quietness and the comfort of complaining!"

Lady Harriet threw herself back in her chair, and yawned; Mrs. Gibson took one of her ladyship's hands in a soft sympathizing manner, and murmured, "Poor Lady Harriet!" and then she purred affectionately.

After a pause Lady Harriet started up and said—"I used to take you as my arbiter of morals when I was a little girl. Tell me, do you think it wrong to tell lies?"

"Oh, my dear! how can you ask such questions?—of course it is very wrong,—very wicked indeed, I think I may say. But I know you were only joking when you said you had told lies."

"No, indeed, I was not. I told as plump fat lies as you would wish to hear. I said I 'was obliged to go into Hollingford on business,' when the truth was there was no obligation in the matter, only an insupportable desire of being free from my visitors for an hour or two, and my only business was to come here, and yawn, and complain, and lounge at my leisure. I really think I'm unhappy at having told a story, as children express it."

"But, my dear Lady Harriet," said Mrs. Gibson, a little puzzled as to the exact meaning of the words that were trembling on her tongue, "I am sure you thought that you meant what you said, when you said it."

"No, I didn't," put in Lady Harriet.

"And besides, if you didn't, it was the fault of the tiresome people who drove you into such straits—yes, it was certainly their fault, not yours—and then you know the conventions of society—ah, what trammels they are!"

Lady Harriet was silent for a minute or two; then she said,—“Tell me, Clare; you've told lies sometimes, haven't you?”

"Lady Harriet! I think you might have known me better; but I know you don't mean it, dear."

"Yes, I do. You must have told white lies, at any rate. How did you feel after them?"

"I should have been miserable if I ever had. I should have died of self-reproach. 'The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' has always seemed to me such a fine passage. But then I have so much that

is unbending in my nature, and in our sphere of life there are so few temptations. If we are humble, we are also simple, and unshackled by etiquette."

"Then you blame me very much? If somebody else will blame me, I shan't be so unhappy at what I said this morning."

"I am sure I never blamed you, not in my innermost heart, dear Lady Harriet. Blame you, indeed! That would be presumption in me."

"I think I shall set up a confessor! and it shan't be you, Clare, for you have always been only too indulgent to me."

After a pause she said,—“Can you give me some lunch, Clare? I don't mean to go home till three. My 'business' will take me till then, as the people at the Towers are duly informed."

"Certainly. I shall be delighted! but you know we are very simple in our habits."

"Oh, I only want a little bread and butter, and perhaps a slice of cold meat—you must not give yourself any trouble, Clare—perhaps you dine now? Let me sit down just like one of your family."

"Yes, you shall; I won't make any alteration;—it will be so pleasant to have you sharing our family meal, dear Lady Harriet. But we dine late, we only lunch now. How low the fire is getting; I really am forgetting everything in the pleasure of this tête-à-tête!"

So she rang twice; with great distinctness, and with a long pause between the rings. Maria brought in coals.

But the signal was as well understood by Cynthia as the "Hall of Apollo" was by the servants of Lucullus. The brace of partridges that were to have been for the late dinner were instantly put down to the fire; and the prettiest china put out, and the table decked with flowers and fruit, arranged with all Cynthia's usual dexterity and taste. So that when the meal was announced, and Lady Harriet entered the room, she could not but think her hostess's apologies had been quite unnecessary, and be more and more convinced that Clare had done very well for herself. Cynthia now joined the party, pretty and elegant as she always was; but somehow she did not take Lady Harriet's fancy; she only noticed her on account of her being her mother's daughter. Her presence made the conversation more general, and Lady Harriet gave out several pieces of news, none of them of any great importance to her, but as what had been talked about by the circle of visitors assembled at the Towers.

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"Lord Hollingford ought to have been with us," she said, amongst other things; "but he is obliged, or fancies himself obliged, which is all the same thing, to stay in town about this Crichton legacy!"

"A legacy? To Lord Hollingford? I am so glad!"

"Don't be in a hurry to be glad! It's nothing for him but trouble. Did not you hear of that rich eccentric Mr. Crichton, who died some time ago, and—fired by the example of Lord Bridgewater, I suppose—left a sum of money in the hands of trustees, of whom my brother is one, to send out a man with a thousand fine qualifications, to make a scientific voyage, with a view to bringing back specimens of the fauna of distant lands, and so forming the nucleus of a museum which is to be called the Crichton Museum, and so perpetuate the founder's name. Such various forms does man's vanity take! Sometimes it simulates philanthropy; sometimes a love of science!"

"It seems to me a very laudable and useful object, I am sure," said Mrs. Gibson, safely.

"I dare say it is, taking it from the public-good view. But it is rather tiresome to us privately, for it keeps Hollingford in town—or between it and Cambridge—and each place as dull and empty as can be, just when we want him down at the Towers. The thing ought to have been decided long ago, and there's some danger of the legacy lapsing. The two other trustees have run away to the Continent, feeling as they say the utmost confidence in him, but in reality shirking their responsibilities. However, I believe he likes it, so I ought not to grumble. He thinks he is going to be very successful in the choice of his man—and he belongs to this county, too,—young Hamley of Hamley, if he can only get his college to let him go, for he's a Fellow of Trinity, Senior Wrangler or something; and they're not so foolish as to send their crack man to be eaten up by lions and tigers!"

"It must be Roger Hamley!" exclaimed Cynthia, her eyes brightening, and her cheeks flushing.

"He's not the eldest son; he can scarcely be called Hamley of Hamley!" said Mrs. Gibson.

"Hollingford's man is a Fellow of Trinity, as I said before."

"Then it is Mr. Roger Hamley," said Cynthia; "and he's up in London about some business! What news for Molly when she comes home!"

"Why, what has Molly to do with it?" asked Lady Harriet. "Is——?" and she

looked into Mrs. Gibson's face for an answer. Mrs. Gibson in reply gave an intelligent and very expressive glance at Cynthia, who however did not perceive it.

"Oh, no! not at all"—and Mrs. Gibson nodded a little at her daughter, as much as to say, "If any one, that."

Lady Harriet began to look at the pretty Miss Kirkpatrick with fresh interest; her brother had spoken in such a manner of this young Mr. Hamley that every one connected with the Phoenix was worthy of observation. Then, as if the mention of Molly's name had brought her afresh into her mind, Lady Harriet said,— "And where is Molly all this time? I should like to see my little mentor. I hear she is very much grown since those days."

"Oh! when she once gets gossiping with the Miss Brownings, she never knows when to come home," said Mrs. Gibson.

"The Miss Brownings? Oh! I am so glad you named them! I am very fond of them. Pecksy and Flapsy; I may call them so in Molly's absence. I'll go and see them before I go home, and then perhaps I shall see my dear little Molly too. Do you know, Clare, I have quite taken a fancy to that girl!"

So Mrs. Gibson, after all her precautions, had to submit to Lady Harriet's leaving her half-an-hour earlier than she otherwise would have done in order to "make herself common" (as Mrs. Gibson expressed it) by calling on the Miss Brownings.

But Molly had left before Lady Harriet arrived.

Molly went the long walk to the Holly Farm to order the damsons out of a kind of penitence. She had felt conscious of anger at being sent out of the house by such a palpable manœuvre as that which her step-mother had employed. Of course she did not meet Cynthia, so she went alone along the pretty lanes, with grassy sides and high hedge-banks not at all in the style of modern agriculture. At first she made herself uncomfortable with questioning herself as to how far it was right to leave unnoticed the small domestic failings—the webs, the distortions of truth which had prevailed in their household ever since her father's second marriage. She knew that very often she longed to protest, but did not do it, from the desire of sparing her father any discord; and she saw by his face that he, too, was occasionally aware of certain things that gave him pain, as showing that his wife's standard of conduct was not as high as he would have liked. It was a wonder to Molly if this silence was right or wrong. With a girl's want of tol-

eration, and want of experience to teach her the force of circumstances, and of temptation, she had often been on the point of telling her stepmother some forcible home truths. But possibly her father's example of silence, and often some piece of kindness on Mrs. Gibson's part (for after her way, and when in a good temper, she was very kind to Molly), made her hold her tongue.

That night at dinner Mrs. Gibson recounted the conversation between herself and Lady Harriet, giving it a very strong individual colouring, as was her wont, and telling nearly the whole of what had passed, although implying that there was a great deal said that was so purely confidential, that she was bound in honour not to repeat it. Her three auditors listened to her without interrupting her much — indeed, without bestowing extreme attention on what she was saying, until she came to the fact of Lord Hollingford's absence in London, and the reason for it.

"Roger Hamley going off on a scientific

expedition!" exclaimed Mr. Gibson, suddenly awakened into vivacity.

"Yes. At least it is not settled finally; but as Lord Hollingford is the only trustee who takes any interest — and being Lord Cumnor's son — it is next to certain."

"I think I must have a voice in the matter," said Mr. Gibson; and he relapsed into silence, keeping his ears open, however, henceforward.

"How long will he be away?" asked Cynthia. "We shall miss him sadly."

Molly's lips formed an acquiescing yes to this remark, but no sound was heard. There was a buzzing in her ears as if the others were going on with the conversation, but the words they uttered seemed indistinct and blurred; they were merely conjectures, and did not interfere with the one great piece of news. To the rest of the party she appeared to be eating her dinner as usual, and, if she were silent, there was one listener the more to Mrs. Gibson's stream of prattle, and Mr. Gibson's and Cynthia's remarks.

SIR JOHN RICHARDSON died on Wednesday. He was born in 1787, and was educated at the Grammar School of Dumfries, his native town. At fourteen years of age he entered the University of Edinburgh, and applied himself assiduously to the study of medicine. In due course he entered the navy as assistant-surgeon, and served at the siege of Copenhagen in 1807. In consequence of the great ability he displayed on that occasion, and "for having served in the boats during a night attack upon a French brig in the Tagus," he was promoted in 1808 to be acting-surgeon of the *Hercules*, a 74-gun ship. During the war with the United States in Canada and Georgia he served as surgeon to the 1st battalion of the Marines; and in 1819 accompanied Sir John Franklin's Arctic expedition as surgeon and naturalist. He also accompanied Sir John Franklin's second expedition in 1825, when he commanded two boats in which he discovered the passage between the mouths of the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers. In 1838 he was appointed Physician to the Fleet, and Inspector of Hospitals in 1840. The deceased knight, who was a fellow of the Royal Society, was the author of the "Fauna Boreali Americana," the "Zoological Appendix" to Sir

Edward Parry's second voyage, the "Ichthyology of the Voyage of the *Erebus*, the *Terror*, and the *Sulphur*," and several reports and scientific papers. He received the honour of knighthood in 1846. When he drew near the age of seventy he resigned his post, and retired to the Lake district, where he lived ten more years in the repose suitable to his time of life. A healthy activity remained to the end; he was known all round the neighbourhood, from Windermere to Grasmere, by his exertions of one kind or another. He was happy in his home, proud of his sons, and among his neighbours, if grave and still, as if by nature or the discipline of suffering, still genial at heart, and more so in demeanour, as time passed on. He was never seen more cheerful, and even gay, than on the last day of his life, when he went among the tradespeople, and was visiting friends to within eight hours of his death. He appeared in perfect health, and was reading late. A stroke of apoplexy carried him off during the night. After all the risks to which he subjected his life, and the condition to which he was repeatedly reduced by cold, prolonged hunger, and other hardships, he lived into his seventy-eighth year.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XIII.

LAST DAYS.

It may seem a hardship, but, not improbably, it is in its way an alleviation, that we are never involved in any of the great trials in life, without having to deal with certain material embarrassments, questions of vulgar interest which concern our pockets and affect our finances.

Poor Lendrick's was a case in point. He was about to leave his country—to tear himself from a home he had embellished—to separate from his children that he loved so dearly, to face a new life in a new land, friendless and alone; and with all these cares on his heart, he had creditors to satisfy, debts to insure payment of by security, and, not least of his troubles, his house to re-let. Now the value the world sets on that which is not for sale is very unlike its estimate for the same commodity when brought to market. The light claret your friend pronounced a very pleasant little wine at your own table, he would discover, when offered for purchase, to be poor, washy, and acrid. The horse you had lent him, and whose performance he had encomiused, if put up to auction, would be found spavined, or wind-galled, or broken down. Such a stern test is money, so fearfully does its coarse jingle jar upon all the music of flattery, and make discord of all compliment. To such a pitch is the process carried, that even pretty women, who as wives were objects of admiration to despairing and disappointed adorners, have become, by widowhood, very ordinary creatures, simply because they are once more “in the market.”

It is well for us that Heaven itself was not in the *Price current*, or we might have begun to think lightly of it. At all events we'd have higgled about the cost, and tried to get there as cheaply as might be.

From the day that the Swan's Nest appeared in the Dublin papers “to be let furnished, for the three years of an unexpired term,” Lendrick was besieged by letters and applications. All the world apparently wanted the place, but wanted it in some way or other quite out of his power to accord. One insisted on having it unfurnished, and for a much longer period than he could give. Another desired more land, and the right of shooting over several hundred additional acres. A third would like the house and garden, but would not burden himself with the lawn, and could not see why Lendrick might not continue to hold the meadow land, and come back from the Cape or anywhere

else to mow the grass and rick it in due season.

A schoolmistress proposed he should build a dormitory for thirty young ladies, and make the flower-garden into a playground; and a miller from Limerick inquired whether he was willing to join in a suit to establish a right of water-power by diverting a stream from the Shannon through the dining-room to turn an undershot wheel.

It was marvellous with what patience and courtesy Lendrick replied to these and such-like, politely assuring the writers how he regretted his inability to meet their wishes, and modestly confessing that he had neither the money nor the time to make his house other than it was.

All these, however, were as nothing to his trials when the day arrived when the house and grounds, in the language of advertisement, were “on view,” and the world of the curious and idle were free to invade the place, stroll at will through rooms and gardens, comment and criticise not merely the objects before them, but the taste and the fortunes, the habits and the lives of those who had made this their home, and these things part of their own natures.

In a half-jesting humour, but really to save Lendrick from a mortification which to a nature timid and sensitive as his would have been torture, Sir Brook and Tom agreed to divide the labours of ciceroneship between them; the former devoting his attentions to the house and furniture, while Tom assumed the charge of grounds and gardens. To complete the arrangement, Lendrick and Lucy were banished to a small summer-house, and strictly enjoined never to venture abroad so long as the stranger horde overran the territory.

“I declare, my dear, I almost think the remedy worse than the disease,” said Lendrick to his daughter, as he paced with short feverish steps the narrow limits of his prison-house. “This isolation here has something secret, something that suggests shame about it. I think I could almost rather face all the remarks our visitors might make than sit down here to fancy and brood over them.”

“I suspect not, dearest papa; I believe the plan will spare us much that might pain us.”

“After all, child, these people have a right to be critical, and they are not bound to know by what associations you and I are tied to that old garden-seat, or that book-stand, and we ought to be able to avoid showing them this.”

“Perhaps we ought, papa; but could we do so? That's the question.”

"Surely the tradesman affects no such squeamishness about what he offers for sale."

"True, papa; because none of his wares have caught any clue to his identity. They have never been his in the sense which makes possession pleasure."

"I wish they would not laugh without there; their coarse laughter sounds to me so like vulgar ridicule. I hardly thought all this would have made me so irritable; even the children's voices jar on my nerves."

He turned away his head, but her eyes followed him, and two heavy tears stole slowly along her cheek, and her lip quivered as she looked.

"There, they are going away," said he, listening; "I am better now."

"That's right, dearest papa; I knew it was a mere passing pang," said she, drawing her arm within his, and walking along at his side. "How kind Sir Brook is!"

"How kind every one, we might say. Poor Mills is like a brother, and Tobin too—I scarcely expected so much heart from him. He gave me his old lancet-case as a keepsake yesterday, and I declare his voice trembled as he said good-bye."

"As for the poor people, I hear, papa, that one would think they had lost their nearest and dearest. Molly Dew says they were crying in her house this morning over their breakfast as if it was a funeral."

"Is it not strange, Lucy, that what touches the heart so painfully should help to heal the pang it gives? There is that in all this affection for us that gladdens while it grieves. All—all are so kind to us! That young fellow—Trafford I think his name is—he was waiting at the post for his letters this morning when I came up, and it seems that Fossbrooke had told him of my appointment—indiscreet of him, for I would not wish it talked of; but Trafford turned to him and said, 'Ask Dr. Lendrick, is he decided about going,' and when he heard that I was, he scarcely said good-bye, but jumped into a cab, and drove off at full speed."

"What does that mean?" asked L.

"He was so fond of Tom," said Fossbrooke, "they were never separate this last month or five weeks;" so you see, darling, each of us has his sphere of love and affection."

Lucy was crimson over face and neck, but never spoke a word. Had she spoken it would have been, perhaps, to corroborate Sir Brook, and to say, How fond the young men were of each other. I do not affirm this, I only hint that it is likely. Where

there are blanks in this narrative, the reader has as much right to fill them as myself.

"Sir Brook," continued Lendrick, "thinks well of the young man; but for my own part I hardly like to see Tom in close companionship with one so much his superior in fortune. He is easily led, and has not yet learned that stern lesson in life, how to confess that there are many things he has no pretension to aspire to."

"Tom loves you too sincerely, papa, ever to do that which would seriously grieve you."

"He would not deliberately—he would not in cold blood, Lucy; but young men when together have not many moods of deliberation or cold blood. But let us not speculate on trouble that may never come. It is enough for the present that he and Trafford are separated, if Trafford was even likely to lead him into ways of extravagance."

"What's that? Isn't it Tom? He's laughing heartily at something. Yes; here he comes."

"You may come out—the last of them has just driven off," cried Tom, knocking at the door, while he continued to laugh on immoderately.

"What is it, Tom? what are you laughing at?"

"You should have seen it; it's nothing to tell, but it was wonderful to witness. I'll never forget it as long as I live."

"But what was it?" asked she, impatiently.

"I thought we had fully done with all our visitors—and a rum set they were, most of them, not thinking of taking the place, but come out of mere curiosity—when who should drive up with two postilions and four spicy grays but Lady Drumcarron and a large party, three horsemen following. I just caught the word 'Excellency,' and found out from one of the servants that a tall old man with white hair and very heavy eyebrows was the Lord-Lieutenant. He stooped a good deal, and walked tenderly; and as the Countess was most eager about the grounds and the gardens, they parted company very soon, he going into the house to sit down, while she prosecuted her inquiries without doors."

"I took him into the library; we had a long chat about fishing, and fish-curing and the London markets, and flax, and national education, and land tenure, and such-like. Of course I affected not to know who he was, and I took the opportunity to say scores of impertinences about the stupidity of the

Castle, and the sort of men they send over here to govern us; and he asked me if I was destined for any career or profession, and I told him frankly that whenever I took up anything I always was sure to discover it was the one very thing that didn't suit me, and as I made this unlucky discovery in law, medicine, and the church, I had given up my college career, and was now in a sort of interregal period, wondering what it was to be next. I didn't like to own that the *res angustæ* had anything to say to it. It was no business of his to know about that.

"You surely have friends able and willing to suggest something that would fit you," said he. "Is not the Chief Baron your grandfather?"

"Yes, and he might make me crier of his court, but I think he has promised the reversion to his butler. The fact is, I'd not do over well with any fixed responsibilities attached to me. I'd rather be a guerilla than serve in the regulars, and so I'll just wait and see if something won't turn up in that undisciplined force I'd like to serve with."

"I'll give you my name," said he, "before we part, and possibly I may know some one who might be of use to you."

"I thanked him coolly, and we talked of something else, when there came a short plump little fellow, all beard and gold chains, to say that Lady Drumcarron was waiting for him. 'Tell her I'm coming,' said he; 'and, Balfour,' he cried out, 'before you go away, give this gentleman my address, and if he should call, take care that I see him.'

"Balfour eyed me and I eyed him, with, I take it, pretty much the same result, which said plainly enough, 'You're not the man for me.'

"What in heaven's name is this?" cried the Viceroy, as he got outside and saw Lady Drumcarron at the head of a procession carrying plants, slips, and flower-pots down to the carriage.

"Her ladyship has made a raid amongst the greeneries," said Balfour, "and tipped the head-gardener, that tall fellow there with the yellow rose-tree; as the place is going to be sold, she thought she might well do a little genteel pillage." Curious to see who our gardener could be, all the more that he was said to be 'tall,' I went forward, and what do you think I saw? Sir Brook, with a flower-pot under one arm and a quantity of cuttings under the other, walking a little after the Countess, who was evidently giving him ample directions as to her intentions. I could scarcely re-

frain from an outburst of laughing, but I got away into the shrubbery and watched the whole proceedings. I was too far off to hear, but this much I saw. Sir Brook had deposited his rose-tree and his slips on the rumble, and stood beside the carriage with his hat off. When his Excellency came up a sudden movement took place in the group, and the Viceroy, seeming to push his way through the others, cried out something I could not catch, and then grasped Sir Brook's hand with both his own. All was tumult in a moment. My lady, in evident confusion and shame—that much I could see—was curtsying deeply to Sir Brook, who seemed not to understand her apologies; at least he appeared stately and courteous, as usual, and not in the slightest degree put out or chagrined by the incident. Though Lady Drumcarron was profuse of her excuses, and most eager to make amends for her mistake, the Viceroy took Sir Brook's arm and led him off to a little distance, where they talked together for a few moments.

"It's a promise, then, Fossbrooke—you promise me!" cried he aloud, as he approached the carriage.

"Rely upon me,—and within a week or ten days at farthest," said Sir Brook, as they drove away.

"I have not seen him since, and I scarcely know if I shall be able to meet him without laughing."

"Here he comes," cried Lucy; "and take care, Tom, that you do nothing that might offend him."

The caution was so far unnecessary that Sir Brook's manner, as he drew near, had a certain stately dignity that invited no raillery.

"You have been detained a long time a prisoner, Dr. Lendrick," said Fossbrooke, calmly; "but your visitors were so charmed with all they saw, that they lingered on, unwilling to take their leave."

"Tom tells me we had some of our country notabilities—Lord and Lady Drumcarron, the Lacys, and others," said Lendrick.

"Yes; and the Lord-Lieutenant too, whom I used to know at Christ Church. He would have been well pleased to have met you. He told me your father was the ablest and most brilliant talker he ever knew."

"Ah! we are very unlike," said Lendrick, blushing modestly. "Did he give any hint as to whether his party are pleased or the reverse with my father's late conduct?"

"He only said, 'I wish you knew him, Fossbrooke; I sincerely wish you knew him, if only to assure him that he will meet far more generous treatment from us than from the Opposition.' He added, that we were men to suit each other; and this, of course, was a flattery for which I am very grateful."

"And the tall man with the stoop was the Lord-Lieutenant?" asked Tom. "I passed half an hour or more with him in the library, and he invited me to call upon him, and told a young fellow, named Balfour, to give me his address, which he forgot to do."

"We can go together, if you have no objection; for I, too, have promised to pay my respects," said Sir Brook.

Tom was delighted at the suggestion, but whispered in his sister's ear, as they passed out into the garden, "I thought I'd have burst my sides laughing when I met him; but it's the very last thing in my thoughts now. I declare I'd as soon pull a tiger's whiskers as venture on the smallest liberty with him."

"I think you are right, Tom," said she, squeezing his arm affectionately, to show that she not only agreed with him, but was pleased that he had given her the opportunity of doing so.

"I wonder is he telling the governor what happened this morning? It can scarcely be that, though, they look so grave."

"Papa seems agitated, too," said Lucy.

"I just caught Trafford's name as they passed. I hope he's not saying anything against him. It is not only that Lionel Trafford is as good a fellow as ever lived, but that he fully believes Fossbrooke likes him. I don't think he could be so false; do you, Lucy?"

"I'm certain he is not. There, papa is beckoning to you; he wants you;" and Lucy turned hurriedly away, anxious to conceal her emotion, for her cheeks were burning, and her lips trembled with agitation.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOM CROSS-EXAMINES HIS SISTER.

It was decided on that evening that Sir Brook and Tom should set out for Dublin the next morning. Lucy knew not why this sudden determination had been come to, and Tom, who never yet had kept a secret from her, was now reserved and un-

communicative. Nor was it merely that he held aloof his confidence, but he was short and snappish in his manner as though she had somehow vexed him, and vexed him in some shape that he could not openly speak of or resent.

This was very new to her from him, and yet how was it? She had not courage to ask for an explanation. Tom was not exactly one of those people of whom it was pleasant to ask explanations. Where the matter to be explained might be one of delicacy, he had a way of abruptly blurt-ing out the very thing one would have desired might be kept back. Just as an awkward surgeon will tear off the dressing, and set a wound a-bleeding, would he rudely destroy the work of time in healing by a moment of rash impatience. It was knowing this—knowing it well—that deterred Lucy from asking what might lead to something not over-agreeable to hear.

"Shall I pack your portmanteau, Tom?" asked she. It was a task that always fell to her lot.

"No; Nicholas can do it—any one can do it," said he, as he mumbled with an unlit cigar between his teeth.

"You used to say I always did it best, Tom—that I never forgot anything," said she, caressingly.

"Perhaps I did—perhaps I thought so. Look here, Lucy," said he, as though by an immense effort he had got strength to say what he wanted, "I'm half-vexed with you, if not more than half."

"Vexed with me, Tom—vexed with me! and for what?"

"I don't think that you need ask. I am inclined to believe that you know perfectly well what I mean, and what I would much rather not say, if you will only let me."

"I do not," said she, slowly and deliberately.

"Do you mean to say, Lucy," said he, and his manner was almost stern as he spoke, "that you have no secrets from me? that you are as frank and outspoken with me to-day as you were three months ago?"

"I do say so."

"Then, what's the meaning of this letter?" cried he, as, carried away by a burst of passion, he overstepped all the prudential reserve he had sworn to himself to regard. "What does this mean?"

"I know nothing of that letter, nor what it contains," said she, blushing till her very brow became crimson.

"I don't suppose you do, for though it is addressed to you, the seal is unbroken; but you know whose handwriting it's in, and

you know that you have had others from the same quarter."

"I believe the writing is Mr. Trafford's," said she, as a deathlike paleness spread over her face, "because he himself once asked me to read a letter from him in the same handwriting."

"Which you did?"

"No; I refused. I handed the letter back to him unopened, and said, that, as I certainly should not write to him without my father's knowledge and permission, I would not read a letter from him without the same."

"And what was the epistle, then, that the Vicar's housekeeper handed him from you?"

"That same letter I have spoken of. He left it on my table, insisting and believing that on second thoughts I would read it. He thought so because it was not to me though addressed to me, but the copy of a letter he had written to his mother, about me certainly." Here she blushed deeply again. "As I continued, however, of the same mind, determined not to see what the letter contained, I re-enclosed it and gave it to Mrs. Brennan to hand to him."

"And all this you kept a secret from me?"

"It was not my secret. It was his. It was his till such time as he could speak of it to my father, and this he told me had not yet come."

"Why not?"

"I never asked him that. I do not think, Tom," said she, with much emotion, "it was such a question as you would have had me ask."

"Do you love—come, darling Lucy, don't be angry with me. I never meant to wound your feelings. Don't sob that way, my dear, dear Lucy. You know what a rough coarse fellow I am, but I'd rather die than offend you. Why did you not tell me of all this? I never liked any one so well as Trafford, and why leave me to the chance of misconstruing him? Wouldn't it have been the best way to have trusted me as you always have?"

"I don't see what there was to have confided to you. Mr. Trafford might, if he wished. I mean that if there was a secret at all. I don't know what I mean," cried she, covering her face with her handkerchief, while a convulsive motion of her shoulders showed how she was moved.

"I am as glad as if I had got a thousand pounds, to know you have been so right, so thoroughly right, in all this, Lucy; and I am glad, too, that Trafford has done nothing to make me think less well of him. Let's

be friends—give me your hand, like a dear, good girl, and forgive me if I have said what pained you."

"I am not angry, Tom," said she, giving her hand, but with her head still averted.

"God knows, it's not the time for us to fall out," said he, with a shaking voice. "Going to separate as we are, and when to be together again not so easy to imagine."

"You are surely going out with papa?" asked she, eagerly.

"No; they say not."

"Who says not?"

"The governor himself—Sir Brook—old Mills—everybody, in fact. They have held a committee of the whole house on it. I think Nicholas was present too; and it has been decided that as I am very much given to idleness, bitter beer, and cigars, I ought not to be anywhere where these ingredients compose the chief part of existence. Now the Cape is precisely one of these places; and if you abstract the idleness, the bitter beer, and the tobacco, there is nothing left but a little Hottentotism, which is neither pleasant nor profitable. Voted, therefore, I am not to go to the Cape. It is much easier, however, to open the geography books, and show all the places I am unfit for, than to hit upon the one that will suit me. And so I am going up to Dublin to-morrow with Sir Brook to consult—I don't well know whom, perhaps a fortune-teller—what's to be done with me. All I do know is, I am to see my grandfather, and to wait on the Viceroy, and I don't anticipate that any of us will derive much pleasure from the event."

"Oh, Tom! what happiness it would be to me if grandpapa"—she stopped, blushed, and tried in vain to go on.

"Which is about the least likely thing in the world, Lucy," said he, answering her unspoken sentence. "I am just the sort of creature he couldn't abide; not to add that, from all I have heard of him, I'd rather take three years with hard labour at the hulks than live with him. It will do very well with you. You have patience, and a soft, forgiving disposition. You'll fancy yourself, besides, heaven knows what of a heroine, for submitting to his atrocious temper, and imagine slavery to be martyrdom. Now, I couldn't. I'd let him understand that I was one of the family, and had a born right to be as ill-tempered, as selfish, and as unmannerly as any other Lendrick."

"But if he should like you, Tom? If you made a favorable impression upon him when you met?"

"If I should, I think I'd go over to South Carolina and ask some one to buy me as a negro, for I'd know in my heart it was all I could be fit for."

"Oh! my dear, dear Tom, I wish you would meet him in a different spirit, if only for poor papa's sake. You know what store he lays by grandpapa's affection."

"I see it, and it puzzles me. If any one should continue to ill-treat me for five-and-twenty years, I'd not think of beginning to forgive him till after fifty more, and I'm not quite sure I'd succeed then."

"But you are to meet him, Tom," said she, hopefully. "I trust much to your meeting."

"That's more than I do, Lucy. Indeed, I'd not go at all except on the condition which I have made with myself, to accept nothing from him. I had not meant to tell you this; but it has escaped me, and can't be helped. Don't hang your head and pout your lip over that bad boy brother Tom. I intend to be as submissive and as humble in our interview as if I was going to owe my life to him, just because I want him to be very kind and gracious to you; and I'd not wish to give him any reason for saying harsh things of me, which would hurt you to listen to. If I only knew how—and I protest I do not—I'd even try and make a favorable impression upon him; for I'd like to be able to come and see you, Lucy, now and then, and it would be a sore blow to me if he forbade me."

"You don't think I'd remain under his roof if he should do so?" asked she, indignantly.

"Not if you saw him turn me away—shutting the door in my face; but what scores of civil ways there are of intimating that one is not welcome! But why imagine all these?—none of them may happen; and as Sir Brook says, the worst misfortunes of life are those that never come to us; and I, for one, am determined to deal only with real, actual, present enemies. Isn't he a rare old fellow?—don't you like him, Lucy?"

"I like him greatly."

"He loves you, Lucy—he told me so; he said you were so like a girl whose godfather he was, and that he had loved her as if she were his own. Whether she had died, or whether something had happened that estranged them, I couldn't make out; but he said you had raised up some old, half-dead embers in his heart, and kindled a flame where he had thought all was to be cold for ever; and the tears came into his eyes, and that great deep voice of his grew

fainter and fainter, and something that sounded like a sob stopped him. I always knew he was a brave, stout-hearted, gallant fellow; but that he could feel like this I never imagined. I almost think it was some girl he was going to be married to once that you must be so like. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know; I cannot even guess," said she, slowly.

"It's not exactly the sort of nature where one would expect to find much sentiment; but, as he said one day, some old hearts are like old chateaux, with strange old chambers in them that none have traversed for years and years, and with all the old furniture moth-eaten and crumbling, but standing just where it used to be. I'd not wonder if it was of himself he was speaking."

She remained silent and thoughtful, and he went on,—"There's a deal of romance under that quaint, stern exterior. What do you think he said this morning?—'Your father's heart is wrapped up in this place, Tom; let us set to work to make money and buy it for him.' I did not believe he was serious, and I said some stupid nonsense about a diamond necklace and earrings for you on the day of presentation; and he turned upon me with a fierce look, and in a voice trembling with anger said, 'Well, sir, and whom would they become better? Is it her birth or her beauty would disparage them, if they were the jewels of a crown?' I know I'll not cross another whim of his in the same fashion again; though he came to my room afterwards to make an apology for the tone in which he had spoken, and assured me it should never be repeated."

"I hope you told him you had not felt offended."

"I did more—I did at least what pleased him more—I said I was delighted with that plan of his about buying up the Nest, and that the very thought gave a zest to any pursuit I might engage in; and so, Lucy, it is settled between us that if his Excellency won't make me something with a fine salary and large perquisites, Sir Brook and I are to set out, I'm not very sure where, and we are to do, I'm not quite certain what; but two such clever fellows, uniting experience with energy, can't fail, and the double event—I mean the estate and the diamonds—are just as good as won already. Well, what do you want, Nicholas?" cried Tom, as the grim old man put his head inside the door and retired again, mumbling something as he went. "Oh, I remember it now; he has

been tormenting the governor all day about getting him some place — some situation or other, and the old rascal thinks we are the most ungrateful wretches under the sun, to be so full of our own affairs and so forgetful of his: we are certainly not likely to leave him unprovided for; he can't imagine that.

"Here he comes again. My father is gone in to Killaloe, Nicholas; but don't be uneasy, he'll not forget you."

"Forgettin' the one thing, Master Tom, and rememberin' the right way is another," said Nicholas, sternly. "I told him yesterday, and I repeated it to-day, I won't go among them Hottentots."

"Has he asked you?"

"Did he ask me?" repeated the old man, leaning forward and eyeing him fiercely — "did he ask me?"

"My brother means, Nicholas, that papa couldn't expect you to go so far away from your home and your friends."

"And where's my home and my friends?" cried the irascible old fellow; "and I forty-eight years in the family? Is that the way to have a home or friends either?"

"No, Tom, no — I entreat — I beg of you," said Lucy, standing between her brother and the old man, and placing her hand on Tom's lips; "you know well that he can't help it."

"That's just it," cried Nicholas, catching the words; "I can't help it, I'm too old to help it. It isn't after eight-and-forty years one ought to be looking out for new service."

"Papa hopes that grandpapa will have no objection to taking you, Nicholas; he means to write about it to-day; but if there should be a difficulty, he has another place."

"Maybe I'm to 'list and be a sodger — faix it wouldn't be much worse than going back to your grandfather."

"Why, you discontented old fool," burst in Tom, "haven't you been teasing our souls out these ten years back by your stories of the fine life you led in the Chief Baron's house?"

"The eatin' was better, and the drinkin' was better," said Nicholas, resolutely. "Wherever the devil it comes from, the small beer here bangs Banagher; but for the matter of temper he was one of yourselves! and by my sowl it's a family not easily matched!"

"I agree with you; any other man than my father would have pitched you neck and crop into the Shannon years ago — I'll be shot if I wouldn't."

"Mind them words. What you said

there is a threat — it's what the law makes a constructive threat, and we'll see what the Courts say to it."

"I declare, Nicholas, you would provoke any one; you will let no one be your friend," said Lucy; and taking her brother's arm she led him away, while the old man, watching them till they entered the shrubbery, seated himself leisurely in a deep arm-chair, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "By my conscience," muttered he, "it takes two years off my life every day I have to keep yez in order."

CHAPTER XV.

MR. HAIRE'S MISSION.

ALTHOUGH the Chief Baron had assured Haire that his mission had no difficulty about it, that he'd find her ladyship would receive him in a very courteous spirit, and, finally, that "he'd do the thing" admirably, the unhappy little lawyer approached his task with considerable misgivings, which culminated in actual terror as he knocked at the door of the house where Lady Lendrick resided in Merriion Square, and sent up his name.

"The ladies are still in committee, sir," said a bland-looking, usher-like personage, who, taking up Haire's card from the salver, scanned the name with a half supercilious look.

"In committee! ah, indeed, I was not aware," stammered out Haire. "I suspect — that is — I have reason to believe her ladyship is aware — I mean my name is not unknown to Lady Lendrick — would you kindly present my card?"

"Take it up, Bates," said the man in black, and then turned away to address another person, for the hall was crowded with people of various conditions and ranks, and who showed in their air and manner a something of anxiety, if not of impatience.

"Mr. MacClean — where's Mr. MacClean?" cried a man in livery, as he held forth a square-shaped letter. "Is Mr. MacClean there?"

"Yes. I'm Mr. MacClean," said a red-faced, fussy-looking man. "I'm Mr. George Henry MacClean of 41 Mount Street."

"Two tickets for Mr. MacClean," said the usher, handing him the letter with a polite bow.

"Mr. Nolan, Balls Bridge — does any one represent Mr. Nolan of Balls Bridge?" said the usher, haughtily.

"That's me," said a short man, who wiped the perspiration from his face with a

red-spotted handkerchief as large as a small bedquilt — "that's me."

"The references not satisfactory, Mr. Nolan," said the usher, reading from a paper in his hand.

"Not satisfactory? — what do you mean? Is Peter Arkins, Esquire, of Clontarf, unsatisfactory? Is Mr. Ryland of Abbey Street unsatisfactory?"

"I am really, sir, unable to afford you the explanation you desire. I am simply deputed by her Ladyship to return the reply that I find written here. The noise is really so great here, I can hear nothing. Who are you asking for, Bates?"

"Mr. Mortimer O'Hagan."

"He's gone away," cried a voice; "he was here since eleven o'clock."

"Application refused. Will some one tell Mr. O'Hagan his application is refused?" said the usher, austere.

"Might I be bold enough to ask what is going forward?" whispered Haire.

"Mr. W. Haire, Ely Place," shouted out the man in livery. "Card refused for want of a reference."

"You ought to have sent up two names — well-known names, Mr. Haire," said the usher, with a politeness that seemed marked. "It's not too late yet; let me see," and he looked at his watch, "we want a quarter to one; be back here in half-an-hour. Take a car — you'll find one at the door. Get your names, and I'll see if I can't do it for you."

"I am afraid I don't understand you, and I am sure you don't understand me. I came here by appointment" — The rest of the sentence was lost by a considerable bustle and movement that now ensued, for a number of ladies descended the stairs, chatting and laughing freely; while servants rushed hither and thither, calling up carriages, or inquiring for others not yet come. The usher, frantically pushing the crowd aside to clear a path for the ladies, was profuse of apologies for the confusion; adding at the same time that "it was twice as bad an hour ago. There weren't less than two hundred here this morning."

A number of little pleasantries passed as the bland usher handed the ladies to their carriages; and it was evident by their laughter that his remarks were deemed pungent and witty. Meanwhile the hall was becoming deserted. The persons who had crowded there, descending singly or in groups, went their several ways, leaving Haire the only one behind. "And now, sir," said the usher, "you see it's all over."

You wouldn't take my advice. They are all gone, and it's the last meeting."

"Will you favour me so far as to say for what did they meet? What was the object of the gathering?"

"I suppose, sir, you are not a reader of the morning papers?"

"Occasionally. Indeed I always glance at them."

"Well, sir, and has not your glance fallen upon the announcement of the ball — the grand ball to be given at the Rotundo for the orphan asylum called the 'Rogues' Redemptory,' at Rathmines, at the head of whose patronesses stands my lady's name?"

Haire shook his head in negative.

"And have you not come like the rest with an application for permission to attend the ball?"

"No; I have come to speak to Lady Lendrick, — and by appointment too."

A faint but prolonged whistle expressed the usher's astonishment, and he turned and whispered a few words to a footman at his side. He disappeared, and returned in a moment to say that her ladyship would see Mr. Haire.

"I trust you will forgive me, sir," said said Lady Lendrick — a very large, very showy, and still handsome woman — as she motioned him to be seated. "I got your card when my head was so full of this tiresome ball, and I made the absurd mistake of supposing you came for tickets. You are, I think your note says, an old friend of Mr. Thomas Lendrick?"

"I am an old friend of his father's, madam! The Chief Baron and myself were schoolfellows."

"Yes, yes; I have no doubt," said she, hurriedly; "but from your note — I have it here somewhere," and she rummaged amongst a lot of papers that littered the table — "your note gave me to understand that your visit to me regarded Mr. Thomas Lendrick, and not the Chief Baron. It is possible, however, I may have mistaken your meaning. I wish I could find it. I laid it out of my hand a moment ago. Oh, here it is! now we shall see which of us is right," and with a sort of triumph she opened the letter and read aloud, slurring over the few commencing lines till she came to "that I may explain to your ladyship the circumstances by which Mr. Thomas Lendrick's home will for the present be broken up, and entreat of you to extend to his daughter the same kind interest and favour you have so constantly extended to her father." "Now, sir, I hope I may

saying that it is not I have been mistaken. If I read this passage aright, it bespeaks my consideration for a young lady who will shortly need a home and a protectress."

"I suppose I expressed myself very ill. I mean, madam, I take it, that in my endeavour not to employ any abruptness, I may have fallen into some obscurity. Shall I own, besides," added he, with a tone of half-desperation in his voice, "that I had no fancy for this mission of mine at all—that I undertook it wholly against my will? Baron Lendrick's broken health, my old friendship for him, his insistence, and you can understand what *that is*, eh?"—he thought she was about to speak; but she only gave a faint equivocal sort of smile, and he went on—"All these together overcame my scruples, and I agreed to come." He paused here as though he had made the fullest and most ample explanation, and that it was now her turn to speak. "Well, sir," said she, "go on: I am all ears for your communication."

"There it is: that's the whole of it, madam. You are to understand distinctly that with the arrangement itself I had no concern whatever. Baron Lendrick never asked my advice: I never tendered it. I'm not sure that I should have concurred with his notions—but that's nothing to the purpose; all that I consented to was to come here, to tell you the thing is so, and why it is so—there;" and with this he wiped his forehead, for the exertion had heated and fatigued him.

"I know I'm very dull, very slow of comprehension, and in compassion for this defect, will you kindly make your explanation a little, a very little, fuller? What is it that is *so*?" and she emphasized the last word with a marked sarcasm in her tone.

"Oh, I quite see that your ladyship may not quite like it. There is no reason why you should like it—all things considered; but, after all, it may turn out very well. If she suit him, if she can hit it off with his temper—and she may—young folks have often more forbearance than older ones—there's no saying what it may lead to."

"Once for all, sir," said she, haughtily, for her temper was sorely tried, "what is this thing which I am not to like, and yet bound to bear?"

"I don't think I said that; I trust I never said your ladyship was bound to bear anything. So well as I can recall the Chief Baron's words,—and, God forgive me, but I wish I was—no matter what or where—when I heard them,—this is the

substance of what he said: 'Tell her,' meaning your ladyship—'tell her that, rightly understood, the presence of my granddaughter as mistress of my house'."

"What do you say, sir?—is Miss Lendrick coming to reside at the Priory?"

"Of course—what else have I been saying this half-hour?"

"To take the position of lady of the house?" said she, not deigning to notice his question.

"Just so, madam."

"I declare, sir, bold as the step is,"—she arose as she spoke, and drew herself haughtily up—"bold as the step is, it is not half so bold as your own courage in coming to tell of it. What the Chief Baron had not the hardihood to communicate in writing, you dare to deliver to me by word of mouth—you dare to announce to me that my place, the station I ought to fill, is to be occupied by another, and that whenever I pass the threshold of the Priory, I come as the guest of Lucy Lendrick! I do hope, sir, I may attribute to the confusion of your faculties—a confusion of which this short interview has given me proof—that you really never rightly apprehended the ignominy of the mission your friend intrusted to you."

"You're right there," said he, placing both his hands on the side of his head; "confusion is just the name for it."

"Yes, sir; but I apprehend you must have undertaken this office in a calm moment, and let me ask you how you could have lent yourself to such a task? You are aware, for the whole world is aware, that in living apart from the Chief Baron, I am yielding to a necessity imposed by his horrible, his insufferable temper; now how long will this explanation be valid, if my place, in any respect, should be occupied by another? The isolation in which he now lives, his estrangement from the world, serve to show that he has withdrawn from society, and accepted the position of a recluse. Will this continue now? will these be the habits of the house with a young lady at its head, free to indulge all the caprices of ignorant girlhood? I declare, sir, I wonder how a little consideration for your friend might not have led you to warn him against the indiscretion he was about to commit. The slight to *me*," said she, sarcastically, and flushing deeply, "it was possible you might overlook; but I scarcely see how you could have forgotten the stain that must attach to that 'large intellect—that wise and truly great man.' I am quoting a paragraph I read in the 'Post' this

morning, with which, perhaps, you are familiar."

"I did not see it," said Haire, helplessly.

"I declare, sir, I was unjust enough to think you wrote it: I thought no one short of him who had come on your errand to-day could have been the author."

"Well, I wish with all my heart I'd never come," said he, with a melancholy gesture of his hands.

"I declare, sir, I am not surprised at your confession. I suppose you are not aware that in the very moment adopted for this—this—this new establishment, there is some thing like studied insult to me. It is only ten days ago I mentioned to the Chief Baron that my son, Colonel Sewell, was coming back from India on a sick leave. He has a wife and three little children, and, like most soldiers, is not over well off. I suggested that, as the Priory was a large roomy house, with abundant space for many people without in the slightest degree interfering with each other, he should offer the Sewells to take them in. I said nothing more—nothing about *ménage*—no details of any kind. I simply said: 'Couldn't you give the Sewells the rooms that look out on the back lawn?' Nobody ever enters them; even when you receive in the summer evenings they are not opened. It would be a great boon to an invalid to be housed so quietly, so removed from all noise and bustle.' And to mark how I intended no more, I added, 'They wouldn't bore you, nor need you ever see them unless you wished for it.' And what was his reply? 'Madam, I never liked soldiers. I'm not sure that his young wife wouldn't be displeasing to me, and I know that his children would be insufferable.'

"I said, 'Let me take the dear children then.' 'Do, by all means, and their dear parents also,' he broke in: 'I should be in despair if I thought I had separated you.' Yes, sir, I give you his very words. This wise and truly great man, or truly wise and great—which is it?—had nothing more generous nor more courteous to say to me than a sarcasm and an impertinence. Are you not proud of your friend?"

Never was there a more unlucky peroration, from the day when Lord Denman conducted an eloquent defence of a queen's innocence by appealing to the unhappy illustration which called forth the touching words, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Never was there a more signal blunder than to ask this man to repudiate the friendship which had formed the whole pride and glory of his life.

"I should think I *am* proud of him, madam," said he, rising and speaking with a boldness that amazed even himself. "I was proud to be his class-fellow at school. I was proud to sit in the same division with him in college—proud when he won his gold medal and carried off his fellowship. It was a proud day to me when I saw him take his seat on the bench, and my heart nearly burst with pride when he placed me on his right hand at dinner and told the Benchers and the Bar that we had walked the road of life together, and that the grasp of my hand—he called it my honest hand—had been the ever-present earnest of each success he had achieved in his career. Yes, madam, I am very proud of him; and my heart must be cold indeed before I cease to be proud of him."

"I declare, sir, you astonish, you amaze me. I was well aware how that truly great and wise man had often inspired the eloquence of attack. Many have assailed—many have vituperated him; but that any one should have delivered a panegyric on the inestimable value of his friendship! his friendship of all things!—is what I was not prepared for."

Haire heard the ringing raillery of her laugh, he was stung by he knew not what tortures of her scornful impertinence; bitter, biting words, very cruel words too, fell over and around him like a sort of hail; they beat on his face and rattled over his head and shoulders: he was conscious of a storm, and conscious too that he sought neither shelter nor defence, but only tried to fly before the hurricane, whither he knew not.

How he quitted that room, descended the stairs, and escaped from the house, he never was able to recall. He was far away outside the city wandering along through an unfrequented suburb ere he came to his full consciousness, murmuring to himself ever as he went—What a woman, what a woman! what a temper—ay, and what a tongue!

Without any guidance of his own—without any consciousness of it—he walked on and on, till he found himself at the gate-lodge of the Priory; a carriage was just passing in, and he stopped to ask whose it was. It was the Chief Baron's grand-daughter, who had arrived that morning by train. He turned back when he heard this, and returned to town. "Whether you like it or not, Lady Kendrick, it is done now, and there's no lend in carrying on the issue after the verdict;" and with this reflection, embodying possibly as much wisdom as his

whole career had taught him, he hastened homeward, secretly determining, if he possibly could, never to reveal anything to the Chief Baron of his late interview with Lady Lendrick.

CHAPTER XVI.

SORROWS AND PROJECTS.

DR. LENDRICK and his son still lingered at the Swan's Nest after Lucy's departure for the Priory. Lendrick, with many things to arrange and prepare for his coming voyage, was still so overcome by the thought of breaking up his home and parting from his children, that he could not address his mind to anything like business. He would wander about for hours through the garden and the shrubberies, taking leave, as he called it, of his dear plants and flowers, and come back to the house, distressed and miserable. Often and often would he declare to Sir Brook, who was his guest, that the struggle was too much for him. "I never was a man of ardour or energy, and it is not now, when I have passed the middle term of life, that I am to hope for that spring and elasticity which were denied to my youth. Better for me send for Lucy, and stay where I am; nowhere shall I be so happy again." Then would come the sudden thought that all this was mere selfishness, that in this life of inaction and indolence he was making no provision for that dear girl he loved so well. Whatever hopes the reconciliation with his father might lead to would of course be utterly scattered to the winds by an act so full of disobedience as this. "It is true," thought he, "I may fail abroad as I have failed at home. Success and I are scarcely on speaking terms—but the grandfather cannot leave the grand-daughter whom he has taken from her home, totally uncared and unprovided for."

As for young Tom, Sir Brook had pledged himself to take care of him. It was a vague expression enough; it might mean anything, everything, or nothing. Sir Brook Fossbrooke had certainly, in worldly parlance, not taken very good care of himself—far from it; he had squandered and made away with two large estates and an immense sum in ready money. It was true he had friends everywhere—some of them very great people with abundant influence, and well able to help those they cared for; but Fossbrooke was not one of those who ask; and the world has not yet come to the millennial beatitude in which one's friends importune them with inquiries how they are to be helped, what and where they wish for.

Many a time in the course of country-house life—at breakfast, as the post came in, and during the day, as a messenger would deliver a telegram—some great man would say, "There is a vacancy there—such a one has died—so-and-so has retired. There's a thing to suit you, Fossbrooke,"—and Sir Brook would smile, say a word or two that implied nothing, and so would end the matter. If my "Lord" ever retained any memory of the circumstance some time after, it would be that he had offered something to Fossbrooke who wouldn't take it, didn't care for it. For so is it throughout life; the event which to one is the veriest trifle of the hour, is to another a fate and a fortune; and then, great folk who lead lives of ease and security are very prone to forget that humble men have often a pride very disproportioned to their condition, and are timidly averse to stretch out the hand for what it is just possible it may not be intended they should touch.

At all events, Fossbrooke went his way through the world a mystery to many and a puzzle—some averring that it was a shame to his friends in power that he had "got nothing," others as stoutly declaring that he was one whom no office would tempt, nor would any place requite him for the loss of liberty and independence.

He himself was well aware of each of these theories, but too proud to say a word to those who professed either of them. If, however, he was too haughty to ask for himself, he was by no means above being a suitor for his friends; and many a one owed to his active solicitude the advancement which none stood more in need of than himself.

"We shall make the Viceroy do something for us, Tom," he would say. "Think over what it shall be—for that's the invariable question—What is it you want? And it's better far to say, Make me an archbishop, than have to own that you want anything, and are, maybe, fit for nothing."

Though Lendrick was well disposed towards Fossbrooke, and fully sensible of his manly honesty and frankness, he could not help seeing that he was one of those impulsive sanguine natures that gain nothing from experience beyond the gift of companionship. They acquire all that can make them delightful in society—boons they are—and especially to those whose more prudent temperament inclines them to employ their gifts more profitably. Scores of these self-made men, rich to overflowing with all that wealth could buy around them, would say, What a happy fellow was Fossbrooke!

what a blessing it was to have his nature, his spirits, buoyancy, and such-like — to be able to enjoy life as he did. Perhaps they believed all that they said, too—who knows? When they made such speeches to himself, as they would at times, he heard them with the haughty humility of one who hears himself praised for that which the flatterer deems a thing too low for envy. He well understood how cheaply others estimated his wares, for they were a scrip that figured in no share-list, and never were quoted at a premium.

Lendrick read him very correctly, and naturally thought that a more practical and a more worldly guide would have been better for Tom — some one to hold him back, not to urge him forward; some one to whisper prudence, restraint, denial, not daring, and dash, and indulgence. But somehow these flighty, imaginative, speculative men have very often a wonderful persuasiveness about them, and can give to the wildest dreams a marvellous air of substance and reality. A life so full of strange vicissitudes as Fossbrooke's seemed a guarantee for any — no matter what — turn of fortune. Hear him tell of where he had been, what he had done, and with whom, and you at once felt you were in presence of one to whom no ordinary laws of worldly caution or prudence applied.

That his life had compassed many failures and few successes was plain enough. He never sought to hide the fact. Indeed, he was candour itself in his confessions, only that he accompanied them by little explanations, showing the exact spot and moment in which he had lost the game. It was wonderful what credit he seemed to derive from these disclosures. It was like an honest trader showing his balance-sheet to prove that, but for the occurrence of such ills as no prudence could ward off, his condition must have been one of prosperity.

Never did he say anything more truthful than that "he had not ever cared for money." So long as he had it he used it lavishly, thoughtlessly, very often generously. When he ceased to have it, the want scarcely appeared to touch him personally. Indeed, it was only when some necessity presented itself to aid this one, or extricate that, he would suddenly remember his impotence to be of use, and then the sting of his poverty would sorely pain him.

Like all men who have suffered reverses, he had to experience the different acceptance he met with in his days of humble fortune from what greeted him in his era of prosperity. If he felt this, none could de-

fect it. His bearing and manner betrayed nothing of such consciousness. A very slight increase of stateliness might possibly have marked him in his poverty, and an air of more reserved dignity, which showed itself in his manner to strangers. In all other respects he was the same.

That such a character should have exercised a great influence over a young man like Tom Lendrick — ardent, impetuous, and desirous of adventure — was not strange.

"We must make a fortune for Lucy, Tom," said Sir Brook. "Your father's nature is too fine strung to be a money-maker, and she must be cared for." This was a desire which he continued to utter day after day; and though Fossbrooke usually smoked on after he had said it without any intimation as to where, and when, and how this same fortune was to be amassed, Tom Lendrick placed the most implicit faith in the assurance that it would be done "somehow."

One morning as Lendrick was walking with his son in the garden, making, as he called it, his farewell visit to his tulips and moss-roses, he asked Tom if any fixed plan had been decided on as to his future.

"We have got several, sir. The difficulty is the choice. Sir Brook was at one time very full of buying a great tract in Donegal, and stocking it with all sorts of wild animals. We began with deer, antelopes, and chamois; and last night we got to wolves, bears, and a tiger. We were to have a most commodious shooting-box, and invite parties to come and sport, who, instead of going to Bohemia, the Rocky Mountains, and to Africa, would find all their savagery near home, and pay us splendidly for the privilege."

"There are some difficulties in the plan, it is true; our beasts might not be easy to keep within bounds. The jaguar might make an excursion into the market-town; the bear might eat a butcher. Sir Brook, besides, doubts if *feræ* could be preserved under the game laws. He has sent a case to Brewster for his opinion."

"Don't tell me of such absurdities," said Lendrick, trying to repress his quiet laugh. "I want you to speak seriously and reasonably."

"I assure you, sir, we have the whole details of this on paper, even to the cost of the beasts, and the pensions to the widows of the keepers that may be devoured. Another plan that we had, and it looked plausible enough too, was to take out a patent for a wonderful medical antidote. As Sir Brook says, there is nothing like a patent medicine to make a man rich; and by good luck

he is possessed of the materials for one. He has the secret for curing the bite of the rattlesnake. He got it from a Tuscarora Indian, who, I believe, was a sort of father-in-law to him. Three applications of this to the wound have never been known to fail."

"But we are not infested with rattlesnakes, Tom."

"That's true, sir. We thought of that, and decided that we should alter the prospectus of our Company, and we have called it 'The antidote to an evil of stupendous magnitude and daily recurrence.'

"A new method of flotation in water, by inflating the cellular membrane to produce buoyancy; a translation of the historical plays of Shakespeare into Tonga, for the interesting inhabitants of those islands; artificial rainfall, by means of the voltaic battery: these are a few of his jottings down in a little book in manuscript he has entitled 'Things to be Done.'

"His favourite project, however, is one he has revolved for years in his mind, and he is fully satisfied that it contains the germ of boundless wealth. It has been shown, he says, that in the smoke issuing from the chimneys of great smelting furnaces, particles of subtilized metal are carried away to the amount of thousands of pounds sterling: not merely is the quantity great, but the quality, as might be inferred, is of the most valuable and precious kind. To arrest and precipitate this waste is his project, and he has been for years making experiments to this end. He has at length, he believes, arrived at the long-sought-for problem, and as he possesses a lead mine in the island of Sardinia, he means that we should set out there, and at once begin operations."

Dr. Lendrick shook his head gravely as he listened; indeed, Tom's manner in detailing Sir Brook's projects was little calculated to inspire serious confidence.

"I know, father," cried he, "what you mean. I know well how wild and flighty these things appear; but if you had only heard them from him — had you but listened to his voice, and heard him speak of his own doubts and fears — how he canvasses, not merely the value of his project, but what the world will say of it, and of him — how modestly he rates himself — how free of all the cant of the discoverer he is — how simply he enters into explanations — how free to own the difficulties that bar success, — I say, if you had experienced these, I feel sure you would not escape from him without catching some of that malady of speculation which has so long beset him. Nor is one less disposed to trust him that he makes no parade of these things. Indeed, they are his deepest, most inviolable secrets. In his intercourse with the world, no one has ever heard him allude to one of these projects, and I have given him my solemn pledge not to speak of them, save to you."

"It is a reason to think better of the man, Tom, but not to put more faith in the discoveries."

"I believe I take the man and his work together; at all events, when I am along with him, and listening to him, he carries me away captive, and I am ready to embark in any enterprise he suggests. Here he comes, with two letters, I see, in his hand. Did you ever see a man less like a visionary, father? Is not every trait of his marked with thought and struggle?" This was not the way Tom's father read Fossbrooke, but there was no time to discuss the point further.

"A letter for each of you," said Sir Brook, handing them; and then taking out a cigar, he strolled down an alley, while they were engaged in reading.

"We have got a tenant at last," said Lendrick. "The Dublin house-agent has found some one who will take the place as it stands; and now, to think of my voyage."